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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1910.

The Week

It is with much regret that we have read the report of the majority of the Senate's Committee on Privileges and Elections in the case of Senator Lorimer. It is, of course, true that Senator Lorimer was not personally connected with any acts of bribery, and, so far as is known now, not enough votes were bought really to elect him. But that Mr. Lorimer should remain in his seat in the Senate when it is known that there was proved bribery, does not argue in the Senate a delicate sense of what constitutes fitness among its members. Of course, if Mr. Lorimer were a high-minded man instead of the cheap machine product that he is, he would have resigned long ago and gone back to the Legislature for a vindication. The whole thing is enough to make any American hang his head, particularly when he remembers that the House of Commons last winter disqualified a man who it thought had, in the course of his canvass, utilized too many automobiles to be within the strictest construction of the Corrupt Practices Act.

Boss Sullivan of Illinois is having greater success in his efforts to name the next Mayor of Chicago than he had in his attempt to designate the next Senator from New Jersey. Samples of his work are the expulsion from one of the ward organizations of four precinct committeemen, elected by the primary, because they were supporters of Carter H. Harrison for the Mayoralty nomination, and the conversion of another Harrison supporter, who explained his change of heart in these words:

> It is true I was for Carter Harrison for Mayor. I am now for Mr. Graham, I will tell you why. The credit man for a large business firm called on me and asked me to be for Mr. Graham. I do collecting for this firm. The credit man told me that Mr. Graham had a large interest in the firm, and that inasmuch as I was in its employ, I ought not to oppose Mr. Graham.

At the meeting at which these facts came out, a statement was read showing that patronage outside of civil service protection, valued at the exact sum of $26,621.84, was due to the Third Ward. The expelled committeemen declare that the organization has no power to drop members who were elected in the primary, but at the headquarters of the party such action will be accepted as final in the distribution of favors. A movement has been started among the Republicans to nominate Alderman and Prof. Charles E. Merriam for Mayor, on the ground that the New Jersey idea of "the schoolmaster in politics" might work well in Chicago.

It is a pity that a journal devoted to such high aims as those that actuate the *Survey* should not exercise more care as to the admission of extravagant or misleading statements. Thus in the most prominent article in a recent issue, dealing with health conditions in Pittsburgh and entitled "Tomfoolery with Public Health," Samuel Hopkins Adams says, with reference to tuberculosis:

> Pittsburgh's situation in respect to this most terrible of all scourges is desperate. I know of no other word by which adequately to characterize it. Not that it is worse than in many other American cities. Indeed, the whole problem of tuberculosis seems to me to be growing constantly graver in a national sense.

There follow certain statements calculated to arouse feeling, but having not so much as the slightest tendency, so far as we can see, to substantiate the above assertion. The reader, if he stops to think, must wonder on what basis Mr. Adams arrived at his discouraging conclusion that, after several years of unprecedented effort in combating tuberculosis, the situation is graver than ever. Our own suspicion is that he derived this conclusion entirely from the workings of his inner consciousness. The latest census report on mortality statistics, which is for the year 1908, tells a very different story. For the entire registration area of the United States, the annual number of deaths per 100,000 fell from 201.6 in 1904 to 193.6 in 1905, 184.2 in 1904, 183.6 in 1907, and 173.9 in 1908. In Pittsburgh, the rate was 181.6 in 1904, 185.1 in 1905, 160.0 in 1906, 139.1 in 1907, and 139.2 in 1908. Mr. Adams may have better sources of information than those accessible to the Census Bureau, but no indication of the possession of such facilities is vouchsafed by him in connection with his alarmist statement.

Mr. Rockefeller's final gift of $10,000,000 to the University of Chicago is accompanied by the resignation of his personal representatives from the board of trustees. In his statement, he refers to his "early and permanent conviction that this great institution, being the property of the people, should be controlled, conducted, and supported by the people, in whose generous efforts for its upbuilding" he has "been permitted simply to coöperate"; and in the minute adopted by the board of trustees on the occasion, it is emphatically asserted that Mr. Rockefeller has never suggested the appointment or removal of any professor, and has never "interfered, directly or indirectly, with that freedom of opinion and expression which is the vital breath of a university." It is gratifying to find these aspects of a university's life and significance made so conspicuous on an occasion in which the magnitude of the series of gifts now brought to a close might have overshadowed other considerations. The total of $35,000,000 is beyond all precedent, but for that very reason the importance of guarding against the suspicion of domination by the power of the purse has, from the beginning, been peculiarly great at Chicago.

The announcement that Columbia University and the College of Physicians and Surgeons are to be brought into alliance with the Presbyterian Hospital means much for medical education in New York. The gift of $1,300,000 by a donor as yet unknown which makes this plan possible proves once more that our rich men are as far-sighted in cherishing projects of benevolence as they are in money-making schemes, and that they are anxious to make the city of their pride preëminent in education and philanthropy as well as in finance. The joining of forces now made feasible should do for Columbia much that the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore has done for the Johns Hopkins University. With the new facilities for coördinated study of medicine, and with the near-by Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research going on to new conquests,

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New York ought soon be to be in a position to attract ambitious medical students from all over the world.

Now that statistics have demonstrated the connection between high marks in college and success in life, one is prepared to meet with the further paradox that Greek is the best training in the world for a scientific career. Nothing short of this is the contention of a writer in the *Classical Journal*, who cites a Dartmouth professor's statement that the boys selected to assist in the science courses are almost uniformly those who offered Greek in preparation and no science; and that of an Amherst biologist who has found the same type of boy best equipped for work in his department. This is interpreted to mean that the Greek boy, before the end of his college days, has outstripped the science boy in his own field. All of this is in line with the privately expressed opinion of an eminent astronomer that Greek offers better training than science because it is generally better taught; scientists of first and even of second quality are apt to be too much engaged in research or otherwise to enter the classroom, whereas the best among the Hellenists devote themselves to teaching because there is nothing else for them to do with their talents. If there is here the suspicion of a fallacy, the argument itself is a sign of the times. An article in the *Popular Science Monthly*, attacking the classics, moreover, endeavors to reopen the battle of the books by asserting the intellectual and artistic superiority of the moderns over the ancients. The return of the debate to the realm of literature is almost refreshing; civil strife among the books is even at its worst preferable to the more modern warfare between them on the one side and the allied frogs and mice of the science laboratories on the other. Indeed, the time seems almost ripe for some reactionary to startle the world with an argument that the study of the classics is good in itself.

The death of Adams Sherman Hill takes away a man whose knowledge and ability had made him an influence in places far removed from his classroom. How much the higher regard in which the teaching of English is now held over its former low estate is due to the quiet work of this one instructor, it is impossible to estimate. But no one who knows anything of the extent to which his various rhetorics have long been used, not only by the ordinary teacher and his pupils, but by other text-book writers, can doubt that their author was the greatest single factor in bringing about the importance now everywhere attached to the study of English and the complete revision of the method of teaching the writing of English which came to pass at Harvard from 1880 on. He did a pioneer's work, but he did it so well that those who were capable of making the necessary improvements and advances upon it found themselves going back to him for the fundamentals. He was, moreover, within the classroom one of the most brilliant and stimulating of teachers. No one could sit under that keen, vigorous personality and not have his whole range of vision enlarged. Finally, it is interesting to note, he went straight to his teaching from the writing of newspaper English.

In the statement made here before the Legislative investigating committee by the president of a fire-insurance company, that he did not care anything about a $2,500,000 or $3,000,000 fire loss, that in fact he would rather have it, there is nothing surprising or shocking—the statement being understood to be made in a purely business sense. The business of a fire-insurance company is to insure. Setting aside terrific disasters which upset all calculations, the bigger the fire risk the greater the scale of the insurance business; and as for rates, they can be made high enough to cover the risk. But while all this is true from the standpoint of the insurance company, a very different aspect is presented from the standpoint of the insured, and of the community at large. Like other matters relating to fire insurance that have cropped up in the course of this inquiry, this brings up considerations of great importance that cannot be properly looked into by an ordinary Legislative committee, but which ought to be thoroughly studied and authoritatively reported on by a competent body of expert investigators. We refer to the matter of discrimination in rates of insurance granted to property according to the degree in which it is safeguarded against fire. To what extent these safeguards shall be adopted—both as to construction and as to defensive appliances—is dependent upon the policy adopted by the fire insurance companies; and the remark above quoted is a reminder of the absence in their case of any vital interest in the promotion of sound methods. In the mutual associations, of course, in which the most extreme standards are insisted upon, the insurance rate drops to a very small amount; but apart from this it is doubtful whether anything even remotely approaching a proper discrimination is practised.

"Free Trade Helping Our Island Traffic" is a newspaper headline over the encouraging report of the chief of the Bureau of Insular Affairs. Of course, it helps traffic; that is the purpose of free trade, precisely as it is the purpose of protection to keep down traffic between nations. Here we have another conspicuous example of the benefit of freer commerce and incidentally convincing evidence of the damage done by false ideas as to nationalities. A few years ago, in Spanish days, any one who suggested the removal of tariff barriers against Philippine products would have been decried as an enemy of American labor. He would have been asked whether he wished Philippine pauper-labor to take the bread out of the mouths of American workingmen, with their high standard of living. Now, with an approach to free trade, the only persons complaining are the Trusts that profited by the tariff. If we could conceive of the United States annexing France or Brazil, the tariffs against those countries would come off precisely as have those against Porto Rico and the Philippines, and as the duties upon Cuban products ought to disappear, as one contribution to a decreased cost of living. We have but to consider the world as a group of federated States to see that the folly of tariffs between them is as great as the absurdity of tariffs between California and Maine.

So far as the rest of Gen. Edwards's report is concerned, it is, if we may judge by the printed extracts, decidedly encouraging. He states that peace and order have reigned throughout the Philippine Islands, not a single call having been made upon United States troops, and this favorable report is hardly affected by the fact that since it was written United States cavalry has been

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called out in one of the southern islands. It is evident, too, that the arts of peace have progressed greatly during the last twelve months. Many miles of railways have been laid, the number of Filipino depositors in the postal savings banks has risen from 4,927 to 8,547, and the Filipinos now constitute 65 per cent. of the depositors. There have been excellent crops. What Gen. Edwards calls the "Filipinization" of the civil service is also steadily progressing. Filipinos are put in more and more responsible positions and are found to be thoroughly reliable. So far as skilled workmen are concerned, there is no complaint that they will not work. Altogether, the report makes good reading—if only there were anything to be found in it to make one believe that the Filipinos hated the Americans less.

The cost of voluntary idleness is emphasized by a writer in the London *Spectator*. Calculations are often made regarding the waste caused by excessive drinking, or by bad housing, preventable disease, and premature death, says this writer, but probably the loss occasioned by sheer love of idleness, resulting in neglect, unemployment, and under-employment, outweighs them all. Especially does this seem to be true when it is considered how large a proportion of those other wastages could fairly be charged to it. "Men drink because they are dispirited, and are dispirited because they are idle." This analysis brings out the desperate problem of the social reformer. It is the lifting of those who will do nothing to lift themselves. In a less closely-knit social order than ours, one might shut his heart even if he could not shut his eyes, and let the dregs of humanity settle to their fate. But no such course can be thought of in a modern community, with its intimate inter-relations. Pity and selfishness unite to urge the doing of whatever can be done to keep the lowest level of society as high as possible.

The diplomatic tone of the French Government toward striking workmen is audible again in the measures announced for the purpose of preventing general strikes. Conciliation and arbitration are proposed as weapons "as powerful as the strike." The latter, in the interest of the public, must be forbidden, so far as employees of the state are concerned. On the other side, it is pointed out that the state, in setting up public monopolies, does not waive its right to interfere in behalf of the workingmen. There is something amusing in the reference to the Declaration of the Rights of Man as the source of these concrete provisions for preserving order and determining wages and rates. That declaration obligingly lends itself to any borrower, and the real process of the Ministerial reasoning has doubtless been to arrive at conclusions by the direct path of applying logic to existing conditions, and then to hitch the results to a document the authority of which no party would dream of questioning. This, too, is diplomatic. But what framer of the Declaration would have believed that the progress of international arbitration would have been such as to make it seriously available as an example for industrial war?

Germany's finances, as unfolded to the Reichstag by the Minister of Finance, Herr Wermuth, are in a better condition than for some years, but can hardly be said to be as yet on a satisfactory footing. Resort to loans is still necessary, though the sum to be borrowed under the present estimates is but $25,000,000, as compared with an average of at least $60,000,000 for the past ten years. The Finance Minister stated drily that "the market still showed considerable distaste for German loans." In regard to the yield of the new taxes enacted a year ago, Herr Wermuth admitted that the expectations of the Government had not been met. The product of the new taxes had been officially estimated to be $117,000,000; in actual result, they had yielded $72,000,000. An increased revenue from them of from $7,500,000 to $8,500,000 was estimated for 1911. While the Government had to confess that the new taxes had not turned out as well as was hoped, yet they evidently constitute a great and sure means of income. Let the Reichstag, appealed the Finance Minister, "devote all its efforts to rolling the rock of their finances up the hill." A voice from the Left cried out, "an apt metaphor." It is, indeed—for Germany and all other countries.

In Spain, Prime Minister Canalejas has won a great victory in finally getting his so-called "padlock bill" (*ley de cadenas*) through the Cortes. It is really but a moderate measure in the struggle with the Vatican, providing only that no more religious orders shall be established in Spain, and that those in existence shall be brought under stricter Government control; while the life of the law is limited to two years, in the obvious hope that before they expire negotiations with Rome may have resulted in modifying the Concordat so as to put the whole matter on a fair and permanent basis. Spain's troubles are something other and deeper than Clericalism. Social and economic causes really produce more unrest than the religious question. Yet there can be little doubt that the triumph of the Ministry in its attempt to curb the regular clergy, will strengthen the liberal movement in general, and help bring about those political and industrial and educational reforms which reflective Spaniards believe to be the crying need of their country.

A considerable stir in Italian universities has been caused by the decision of the Government that professors must take the oath required of all employees of the state. This oath, which in form dates back to the unification of Italy, runs as follows: "I swear to be faithful to the King and his royal successors, . . . and to discharge all of my official duties with an eye single to the inseparable well-being of King and country." The point is that not a few university professors in Italy are Socialists or Republicans, and cannot take this oath without mental reservations. It is something which has not been asked of them hitherto, as, indeed, the laws relating to education seem clearly to differentiate the occupants of university chairs from other public employees. To emphasize the absurdity of the requirement, it is pointed out that several professors in Italian universities are foreigners; they certainly cannot be compelled to swear allegiance to Victor Emmanuel and the royal family. Prof. Luigi Einaudi of the University of Turin has an article of vigorous protest in the *Corriere della Sera*, arguing with abundant citation of the statutes that the oath in question was never intended for teachers, and calling upon the authorities to recede from a position which would be a reproach to the nation and "disastrous to the liberty of learning."

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LANDSLIDES AND DIRT.

Political landslides are in several respects true to their analogy. In politics, as in nature, when a great dislocation occurs, the loosened masses sweep along with them a vast amount of offensive rubbish. A landslip cannot discriminate, but takes in its rush barren rocks as well as fruitful soil; and if heaps of refuse are in its course, they, too, are borne onward and may appear to be the most prominent thing on the surface. And in the history of our political upheavals we know well that, along with good men, many of the unfit or even scoundrelly are carried into office. This has been true of both parties. The Cleveland landslide of 1892 gave a temporary grip on political power, in the States and in Congress, to many an incompetent, many a corruptionist, many a party traitor. And the successive Republican electoral sweeps from 1896 to 1908 brought to the front a more precious set of rascals than those whose presence in the Continental Congress John Adams recorded. Is the landslide of 1910 to be an exception to the rule?

Probably not in its entirety. A great deal of the wood, hay, and stubble that the landslide of last month fetched away with it, will doubtless remain as a vexatious incident of a political movement which was, in the main, needed and wholesome. But there is noticeable to-day one difference from former periods of the kind, and that is the encouraging anxiety of the Democratic party to take measures betimes to prevent the landslide from being obscured by the dirt. What we particularly mean is the effort put forth in the States which unexpectedly chose Democratic Legislatures, and which now have it in their power to elect Democratic United States Senators, to secure the choice of men from whom neither the party nor the nation will be compelled to walk backward with averted gaze. About this matter, there appears to be a new and gratifying sensitiveness, and a surer party sagacity. It is felt that action must be taken before the mischief is done. Loyal and sensible Democrats do not want to see the President, whom they hope to elect in 1912, hampered and betrayed as Cleveland was by the Gormans and Brices and Smiths and Murphys who were in the Senate of his day. That is the chief reason why the Senatorial contests in New Jersey and Ohio and New York are followed with such interest throughout the country. To avoid being handicapped and mortified and discredited by unworthy Senators after their election, the brains and morals of the Democratic party desire to take a bond of fate by preventing such a choice at all. That is the explanation of the opposition to McLean in Ohio, to Smith in New Jersey, and in New York to a man like Sheehan.

This is no time for a Senator with "claims" upon the party. The fact that a candidate has freely given money in past elections, that he has helped to keep up the party organization in times of discouragement, or that he is expert in laying pipes or pulling wires, cannot be allowed to weigh for a moment against a proved disqualification, whether in ability or character. The matter of an election by the Legislature ought to be treated exactly as if it were a question of a nomination to go before the people to be voted upon. In both New Jersey and New York, the Democratic party is now committed to the popular election of United States Senators. In either it ought to be flatly impossible for a man to be chosen who confessedly would not have a ghost of a chance if the voters could get at him directly. Fancy James Smith an avowed candidate and on a ticket that could be scratched! Fancy W. F. Sheehan nominated for Senator at the same time that John A. Dix was named for Governor! It was unthinkable before the election, and it ought to be unthinkable after.

Anyhow, such a thing cannot be done in a corner. We know what discussion of records and sifting of political and personal associations would have filled the press, if either of the men referred to had been a direct candidate for the Senatorship. But they will have to encounter the same sort of exposure and attack if they seek it from a Legislature, instead of from the people. Mr. Sheehan, for example, must be perfectly aware of the deadly ammunition which the Republican newspapers are prepared to expend upon his candidacy, if he announces it. Their guns are already shotted, waiting only the signal to fire. And their aim will be not only at Mr. Sheehan, but at the party which is asked to accept him. This, they will say, is the promised Democratic reform! This is the new leadership, this the cutting free from a discredited past!

There is no disguising the fact that the situation is critical. The very labor which high-minded and disinterested Democrats are putting forth shows how acute is their sense of the peril. A great party victory has been won, but the danger is that some unworthy intriguer, some "fellow in the cellarage," may render it empty by making one of its leading results contemptible. If the New York Democracy cannot elect a Senator whose views on public questions are known, who has taken his part in the intellectual and moral work of his time, who can speak and give counsel, whose election would be universally hailed as a sign of a new time and a proof that the Empire State is to be represented in the Senate by neither a money-bags nor a dummy nor a corruptionist, nor by a politician every drop of whose blood has eyes that look downward, then it may as well confess that the Democratic landslide of 1910 did little for it, except to cover it with dirt and disgrace.

THE "SEPARATION OF POWERS."

Prof. H. J. Ford of Princeton has an interesting article in the January *Scribner's* reviewing the origin of the American theory of sharply divided powers in government, and making some remarks upon its practical working. He has little difficulty in showing that Montesquieu—whose influence upon the framers of our Constitution is notorious—misunderstood the actual nature of the British Constitution, as, indeed, did those English commentators whom Montesquieu followed. The paper account of the relations of the English executive and the English legislature was very different from the fact itself. This has been shown by Bagehot and a host of others. In reality, there was not the complete separation of functions, "power being checked by power," which Montesquieu supposed. Even in the eighteenth century the executive was in England a great force in legislation; and the development of Cabinet government has brought it about that to-day the executive is the chief force in legislation.

In going over this ground, Professor Ford's main purpose is to suggest that the American doctrine of "separation of powers" is not only thus mistaken in its supposed derivation from English

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practice, but is also a bad thing in itself. Entrenched as it is in long tradition, it ought rather to be regarded, in Professor Ford's opinion, as a harmful superstition. It paralyzes vigorous initiative, diffuses instead of concentrating responsibility, and has proved not merely a drag upon our legislative progress, but an active source of political corruption. Moreover, the theory is breaking down. We see it here quietly abandoned, there openly ignored. The commission form of municipal government, of which the vogue seems to be steadily on the increase, is a direct denial of the sacredness of the separation of powers. And in State and nation we more and more often find that resolute executives find ways to take part in the work of legislation. Professor Ford foresees an entire reconstruction of our forms of government, marked by an ever franker desertion of the ancient theory of divided powers, though he expresses the hope that this constitutional reorganization may be "gradual and safe."

Without denying the general historical soundness of Professor Ford's position, we may yet observe that there is such a thing as being misled in the political history of the United States, too, by a paper theory of separated powers. Because they are written in our Constitution, upheld by our jurists, and lauded by our orators, it does not follow that they have always been regarded like a law of the Medes and Persians which altereth not. Some executives have a store of energy that insensibly passes from them into the coördinate branches of government. On the other hand, resolute and daring leaders in the legislative branch may trench upon executive powers. In the impeachment of Andrew Johnson they sought virtually to destroy the Presidency altogether, or to reduce it to no more than the importance of the Presidency of the Swiss Confederation. Even a member of the judiciary, like Marshall, may far overpass the limits which had been thought to mark his functions, and render himself a force to change or vivify the whole conception of the government. Indeed, the "powers" have never been kept in separate and water-tight compartments. They rather adjoin each other like fluids divided only by a thin membrane, through which the process of osmosis is continually set up. No one with his eye close on the fact could assert that the "powers" were rigidly separated under Jefferson or Jackson, under Lincoln or Roosevelt. Our paper theory collapses under the weight of facts as surely as did the English.

It is, however, when Professor Ford leaves the historical path for the speculative or—shall we say?—the dogmatic, that we feel most like questioning his views. He gives to his article the badly chosen title, "The Cause of Political Corruption"; and commits himself to the statement that a democracy cannot make the principle of separated powers work without corruption. He adds: "This is the secret of the disharmony between American society and American politics. The rule of the people cannot be made effective for lack of appropriate institutions." Now, if our author had confined himself to asserting that the governmental maladjustments which he signalizes are one cause of political corruption, there would be little to say; but in declaring that the evil upon which he dwells is "the" cause—alone sufficient to account for vote-buying and bribe-giving and stealing from the cities and robbery of the Treasury at Washington in the shape of bounties and pensions and needless offices—he seems to us to be as open to attack as any of the rash generalizers whom he corrects. Corruption is not wholly dependent upon political forms or governmental machinery. It may be facilitated by one system more than another, but the ultimate causes lie deep in the habits, the circumstances, the *ethos* of a given people. It was not the separation of powers which made the corrupt England before which Benjamin Franklin stood aghast. Completely fused powers did not prevent the government of Napoleon from being one in which plunder was rife. Boss Tweed had completely disposed of the "balances" of constitutional government. He had usurped all the powers; he was executive, legislative, and judicial, all in one; he was the whole thing in such a way that he could defiantly ask: "What are you going to do about it?" It is impossible to assert that the sink of corruption into which he dragged New York was due to "the" cause that Professor Ford points out. The analysis has to be pushed further. Certain types of politician, certain tempting opportunities, certain demoralizing measures of legislation—like protective tariffs and pensions—will work corruption under any system and can be prevented from doing so by no mere system. Both cause and remedy lie elsewhere.

There is nothing but praise for the spirit of cautious experiment in which Professor Ford would have the changes which he advocates undertaken. The new form of city government must be tried out, instead of being hastily made universal. The endeavor to give the executive more power over legislation had best at first be tentative rather than thorough. We are not yet ready for a "plebiscitary" Governor or President, one who appears as the alleged mandatory of the people and demands that all others yield to him. Not even on the score of efficiency in government are we prepared to put all power in the hands of one man. The separation of the powers makes for stability and even, sometimes, for orderly progress when the method of convulsion and instant "doing things" leads no whither. There is on this subject a passage in Montesquieu which Professor Ford does not quote, and which is, in substance, as follows: "The people with a hundred thousand arms sometimes destroy everything, and then, with their hundred thousand feet, find it impossible to move."

LET US STANDARDIZE.

Our colleges and universities have been long under fire, and in many ways, yet, strangely enough, the fundamental trouble with them has still been hidden. But now that—thanks to the report made by a mechanical engineer to the Carnegie Foundation—the light of modern industrial methods has been thrown upon them, there will no longer be any excuse for their persistence in evil. It may take a little time to put the new standards into operation, but that is merely a detail. The new day has dawned, and the only question is what institutions will be foremost in gaining the favor of far-sighted and broad-minded men of wealth by conforming their ways to the principles of industrial efficiency. Student-time-units per professor, number of pages of standardized lecture notes, coördination of janitor-work with teaching-time, and a score of other measurements of efficiency which will occur to every competent college president, will take the place of those vague and intangible

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ways of estimating the merits of our institutions of learning which have hitherto prevailed. To argue the merits of the change would be a waste of words. In this age of industrial and commercial advance, a reform which means progress toward mechanical standardization of methods and values is sure to receive a universal welcome; its success is assured from the start.

But as the crying need of mechanical standardization has been so surprisingly overlooked in the college and university world, it will occur to every thoughtful person that there must be a number of other departments of human life, fully as important, in which the same defect exists and is equally in need of remedy. Nor does it require much looking about to find them. Take the case of mothers, for example, in their relation to infants and little children. It has probably not occurred to one mother in a thousand to consider whether the time she expends upon endearments and caresses, upon entertainment and instruction, is applied in the way calculated to produce the maximum results as regards either the happiness of the child or its future economic efficiency. Nor can it be expected that any individual mother could make such a calculation, even with the best will in the world. Only through systematic observation by trained experts can any trustworthy conclusion in these matters be arrived at. A certain amount of kissing and fondling is doubtless good for a child, but who shall say whether a considerable percentage of the time actually devoted by the ordinary mother to this purpose might not be better employed in other ways? It will be evident to any scientific and mechanical mind that actions in this field based upon spontaneous impulse, upon the inspiration of the moment, must, in the nature of things, be in the highest degree wasteful. The most important of all industries is that of rearing human beings, and yet in one of its chief phases it is allowed to go on in an utterly haphazard fashion, without supervision by experts, without any statistical tabulations, without any standard schedule. Surely it cannot be long before some beneficent multi-millionaire will establish a Foundation whose income shall be used to bring at least some approach to orderly and business-like methods into this domain.

It is needless to multiply examples; they exist around us on every hand. Who, for example, will not see that the inadequate hold of the Christian religion upon mankind through all these centuries has been due to the absence of scientific methods in the business of preaching? Had accurate statistics been kept of the number of souls saved by each minister or priest per annum, of the amount of time he spent in parochial visits on the one hand and in preparing his sermons on the other, of the percentage of attendance at his services, etc., a business organization would long ago have been built up that would put to shame the Pennsylvania Railroad and the Standard Oil Company. And, indeed, we can see in some professions that even a distant approach to mechanical systematization is capable of producing beneficial effects of a striking character. In the matter of acting, for example, the modern practice of playing the same part a thousand nights in succession has effected a revolution in this ancient art. We no longer have the erratic manifestations of mere personal genius which, in a more primitive day, caused people to go into childish raptures over a Booth or a Salvini or a Garrick; when the manager finds out what is wanted, he just sets the actor to work doing that thing night after night, knowing that in this, as in all other employments, precise mechanical repetition means the greatest economy of effort and the largest output. And again, in the author business, has not everybody observed the rise that has taken place in the standard of literary excellence since the practice of a monthly announcement of the six best sellers has provided us with a truly scientific method of finding out what's what?

While, therefore, the merits of a proposal to standardize our universities, to abolish life tenure of professorships, and regulate research speak for themselves, it is somewhat interesting, perhaps, to speculate on the probable origin of the idea. And here we venture a conjecture which we think must commend itself to the judicious. It is not so much to the defects of our own universities, we imagine, that the scheme owes its inception but rather to the notorious failure of the universities of Germany, in which these defects have been far more pronounced. There they have never even had such a thing as a college president; and the professors have not only had an absolute life tenure, but have been allowed a degree of liberty in teaching that is simply scandalous. This has been going on for generation after generation, and everybody knows the result. German students have been slipshod and inaccurate, and no foreigner has gone to a German book for enlightenment or to a German university for training. As for research, these Germans have simply run riot; a German professor will spend years of his own time and that of his students in some obscure research, without asking anybody's advice or consent. And the consequence has been not only that deplorable intellectual sterility to which we have already referred, but a backwardness in the arts and industries depending on the applications of science—the chemical industries, for example—which has made modern Germany a laughing stock to her European neighbors. If we wish to avoid a like fate, we must hasten to standardize our universities, set time-clocks on the professors, and guard with scrupulous care against the spending of either time or money on any research that has not obtained the formal approval of the president of the university, the board of trustees, and the Consolidated Audit Company.

RAILWAY REGULATION AND RAILWAY IMPROVEMENT.

We do not fancy that anybody is going to take seriously the suggestion made last Thursday before the Railroad Securities Commission by Mr. Robert Mather, a man formerly prominent in railway management, as to the logical next step in connection with Government regulation. Indeed, it may be set down as highly probable that Mr. Mather, and other serious and competent railway men who talk in a somewhat similar way, do not mean any such proposal as he made to be taken practically, but rather as a sort of *reductio ad absurdum* of the policy of rate-regulation. "Federal regulation," he said, "has put the railroads of this country in the position of not having got sufficient means or credit to go ahead with their work of development, and in view of such impairment of credit, it is urgently essential that something should be done. . . . When such a condition is brought about, and when

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the great mass of second-class securities are made undesirable by Federal regulations, I say it is time that the Government should extend its credit to the railroads in order to assist them in their difficulties."

To prove that any such condition actually exists would not be easy. Of course, there can be found particular railway properties whose "second-class securities"—securities other than first-mortgage bonds and the like—are at the present time "undesirable," but there has never been a time when that was not the case; and we venture to say that, if a general comparison were made, railway stocks would be found to-day in quite as good standing in comparison with gilt-edge bonds as they have been at most periods before government regulation was thought of. It is a tendency that few persons whose interests are affected can resist, to ascribe adverse phenomena that have occurred since the passage of some obnoxious law to the operation of that law, and even to see such phenomena where they do not exist. A remarkable example, to which we drew attention at the time, was furnished some months ago by no less a man than Mr. James J. Hill, who found that extraordinary losses had fallen upon our trade across the Pacific in consequence of the workings of the Hepburn act; the fact being that his comparisons were made with the enormous figures of the years of the Russo-Japanese war, which happened to occur shortly before the Hepburn act was passed. It is easy to have a blind eye to the things one is not anxious to see.

It is fair to suppose, indeed, in justice to such a position as that represented by Mr. Mather's talk, that, in the minds of those who hold it, it rests rather upon the abstract logic of the case than upon the facts adduced in its support. "The Government having gone so far," says Mr. Mather, "it should go still farther." Having in a sense put a limit on profits, it ought to guarantee that the resources necessary for successful operation and maintenance shall be provided. The answer to this may not be entirely simple, but it is adequate. In the first place, the existing procedure itself cannot be reduced to any strictly logical scheme; for, like the mongrel system it displaces—a system that was itself half-competitive, half-monopolistic—it deals with conditions of an exceedingly heterogeneous character in an exceedingly complicated manner. There is no exact limitation of profits. The rate fixed in any one case is the resultant of a thousand comparisons and a thousand considerations of equity. And, secondly, it must be pointed out that if logic is your cry, you cannot stop at the action contemplated by Mr. Mather. If mere logic declares the next step after regulation of rates to be government guarantee of securities, much more emphatically does it declare that the next step after that—a step which must follow much more swiftly—is government ownership. Of one thing we may be sure, the business is not going to be settled by abstract logic, but by considerations of practical wisdom and expediency.

However, we do not wish to be understood as denying that the consideration at the bottom of this and similar pleas is of most serious importance. It will not do for either the Interstate Commerce Commission or the Railroad Securities Commission or the public to lose sight of the cardinal importance of maintaining such an attitude toward the whole question of regulation as will continue to attract the investment of capital in railway betterments. There is not, we believe, on the part of either of the official bodies, any reason to fear that this consideration will be neglected; in the case of the public, there is, of course, always more or less danger of a thoughtless or short-sighted insistence on immediate gains at the cost of permanent well-being. There is a vast amount of improvement that our railway system needs, and any policy that brings a little immediate advantage at the cost of discouraging the investment of capital for the procuring of these improvements would be a costly error. But it is in the power of the great railway men themselves to do more than any one else toward forming a sound public opinion on the whole subject. This they can do by taking a sound position themselves; accepting regulation as established, and stating their case not as special pleaders, but as men who, knowing the facts better than anybody else, can and will present them to the public with entire fairness and impartiality.

LOGIC AND LIFE.

The rare conjuncture by which, according to Japanese zodiacal symbolism, the festival of a certain shrine fell recently upon the Dog's day of the Dog's month of the Dog's year, was responsible for several serious injuries. Upon the occasion of this festival charms made of paper are sold, having the power, if tradition does not err, of protecting the possessor against disasters by water. The coincidence of the three "Dogs" induced the belief that water-charms purchased on that day would be especially effective, and the result was a rush through the temple gates as soon as they were opened, in which several of the eager charm-buyers were hurt. The fate which superstition thus met—the incurring of a present misfortune in the attempt to provide by fanciful means against future trouble—seems altogether fitting to our irreverent Western way of thinking. We have so long been emancipated from such gross credulity that it is difficult to appear tolerant of it. Who among us fears a comet? What have we ever found terrifying in the notion of the evil eye? When could any one accuse us of beating drums to drive away a pestilence? Our actions are governed by reason.

A little consideration, nevertheless, suffices to explain the irrational mental processes which we stigmatize as Oriental. It is only because we are, happily, accustomed to the idea of effect following hard upon cause, that we take it as a matter of course that the swallowing of a certain amount of any well-advertised nostrum is succeeded by improvement in the bodily condition. Let due allowance be made for unfamiliarity with the reasoning behind the facts, and is it so strange that, to an unenlightened being, there should not be that connection between remedy and recovery concerning which the demonstration of experience confirms the forecast of reason? Could we wonder, indeed, if to the savage mind there seemed something in the mysterious performance not far removed from his own trusted use of charms? Both are rewarded, often, by the desired effect. And does one lose faith in reason because it makes an apparent mistake now and then? If we are to leave off our pills and powders whenever we fail to discern their beneficial results, too many of us will drift into forgetting

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them altogether. We must, therefore, be charitable to the foolish Oriental.

We shall be the more inclined to such charity if we think of the difficulty of showing an unreasoning being the sagacity which determines our public policy. The great rule of self-government, as we have carefully developed it, is the election to office of men whom we value for their avowed unlikeness to those whom we elected on the last occasion preceding, coupled with a violent effort to get them to be really different. It would be hard, perhaps impossible, to demonstrate to a less astute type of mind than our own the advantage of this double process over the simpler one of choosing men who would do what we want without coercion. It would be fully as difficult to justify the rivalry of the Occidental nations in the race to see which of them can soonest exhaust its credit by the ingenious device of employing large numbers of men to operate great fleets during the time necessary to build new ones to replace those which are not quite so new. Even the thoroughly logical presentation of the questions recently confronting the English voters would probably, to a low type of intellect, appear confused. We cannot be too thankful, when we contemplate these results of our devotion to the mandates of reason, that we have been able to throw off those fetters of superstition and prejudice by which the unfortunate Orient is still bound.

In taking a broad view of the sovereignty of reason in the Western world, however, we are compelled by candor to risk the disapproval of our readers by expressing satisfaction over certain limitations in the application of logic to life. We do not feel at all sure that the absolute distrust of instinctive impulses is invariably correct. Not to speak of that large field of love and friendship in which, even with us, the affections often dispute the supremacy with reason, there is something to be said for the man who makes up his mind regarding public affairs mainly from his unreasoned impressions. It may not be desirable to adopt the practice of judging a stranger by his photograph, but character is to be discerned at least as accurately by the effect of acts, big and little, upon one's susceptibilities, as by those grosser scales to which we are shut up in arriving at our formal opinions in the courts. There is nothing inherently ridiculous in the statement that one does not like the look of things in relation to a person or a situation. It is not logical, and it is unreasoning, but it is often thoroughly reasonable. The fact that it is open to great abuse is no more against it than the corresponding fact that the same thing is true of the processes of induction and deduction. Viewed rightly, the real triumph of logic is its recognition of its own limitations.

SAMUEL BUTLER OF "EREWHON."

So multiform were the genius and art of Samuel Butler, he did so many things so surprisingly well, that the world has almost dismissed him as a dilettante.* Personally I feel that the career of Samuel Butler is the refutation of that stupidest of moral don'ts, *Ne sutor, etc.*, yet being also convinced that the worst judgment of the world is usually right so far as it goes, I cheerfully conform to it to the extent of making "Erewhon" and its sequel, "Erewhon Revisited," the central theme of this essay.

I.

"Erewhon" grew out of certain meditations of the Cambridge graduate become sheep rancher in New Zealand, and its background is that epic landscape of mountain and ravine in which Butler pitched many a camp. A Johnian at Cambridge, he had taken as high a rank in classics as befits a gentleman, studied the music of Handel, and learned to sketch. The various religious ferments of the early fifties had worked upon him; doubting most of the Thirty-nine Articles, he had given up the churchly career to which he was destined; he was equally to develop doubts as to the new Darwinian hypothesis, and as to the ruling code of social morals. In four years of the high pastures of New Zealand, these doubts fructified into very definite convictions. Of course he knew his Aristotle, but what is more important, he worked out anew an ethic of moderation which underlies all his literary work. Fanaticism under whatever sanction is the great bane of the world; the great virtue is moderation. Believe nothing too strongly, be guided in faith and action by the example of "nice people." These nice people were to Butler as solemn and guiding a reality as ever the *spoudaios* was to Aristotle. Be not virtuous overmuch, temper your individual ardor, hatred, or admiration, by study of the attitude of those whom you perceive to have an instinctive genius for life.

Whether the Erewhonians are to be reckoned as nice people is one of those ambiguities that surround the study of Butler, but I think we may so regard them. They are of soft manners and rare personal beauty. This is due to the fact that they punish sick folk drastically as enemies to the state. Here they follow to an extreme Butler's favorite doctrine that we must treat people strictly by facts and not by what we imagine to be their intentions or deserts. The British philistine, Mr. Higgs, who blunders over the range to Erewhon is kindly received because he is physically a fine man and has in his rare blondness a "meritorious complexion." A rich man the Erewhonians quite frankly venerate, estimating his worth by the weight of his accumulations. They are nice people, too, in taking all their most sacred principles with a grain of salt. They have an official religion, but accompany it with the unadmitted cult of Ydgrun. Grundy is the real divinity of Nowhere—hereafter I shall not resolve Butler's obvious anagrams. The High Ydgrunites, with whom the wisdom of the people resides, are elaborately trained in colleges of unreason, where they waste many a year in translating Erewhonian into the hypothetical language. By this perfectly useless training, they are spared the dangers of real knowledge and gain a generous detachment from sordid concerns. In supporting the Musical Banks which in return for real coin of the realm supply a droning psalmody and a token currency, the Erewhonians especially show their liberality. Nobody believes in the banks, and everybody knows that the currency is trash, but all loyal Erewhonians encourage their women to attend the banks, and all insist that the token coinage has an ineffable and mystic value. Stern towards disease, towards moral delinquency the Erewhonians were of an amazing charity. That a man was poor, or dirty, or had a cold seemed an obvious reason for shunning or even punishing him, but that a man had inadvertently and exceptionally committed a theft or homicide was merely a cause for sympathy and correction of the defect of judgment or temper.

This admirable system of compromises had not been attained without a struggle. In the past lay fears and fanaticisms. Mr. Higgs was amazed at being imprisoned for possessing a watch; later he saw the relics of wonderful machines in museums, and learned that at a certain point in its history Erewhon had abolished the machine. Wise men had seen that by natural selection machines would become ever more complicated and durable, and that were the slight step of acquiring consciousness and will once taken by the machine, mankind would straightway become the helpless parasite of the organisms his own ingenuity had created. This excellent if over-sub-

Erewhon, or Over the Range; Erewhon Revisited; The Way of all Flesh; Unconscious Memory. By Samuel Butler. New Uniform Edition. London: A. C. Fifield; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

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tle parody of Darwinism was written as a separate article years before "Erewhon" was conceived; it is the germ of the book. The problem of animal food had brought the commonwealth to a direr pass. An apostle of the rights of animals had converted the land to a vegetable diet. But meat was eaten in dens of ill-repute. General youth battened on the forbidden food, though exposure meant tragic disgrace. Dietetic hypocrisy was rife when the deliverer arose. He was a venerable professor of the College of Unreason, and he pursued the eminently Erewhonian tactics of accepting the dogma of animal rights while elucidating the new doctrine of the rights of vegetables. Between starvation or double sacrilege the Erewhonians promptly chose the latter.

For various causes Mr. Higgs's standing grew doubtful, and he determined to escape in a balloon. Enlisting the queen's curiosity, and professing an intercessory visit to the refractory Rain God, Mr. Higgs set sail with an Erewhonian sweetheart hidden in the car, and after perils by sea and land, returned to London.

Such intimations may dimly suggest the ingenuity of the satire; they leave untouched the masculine charm of the style. There is a tang about Butler which we get only when men of action trespass in literature. As I read "Erewhon," I think of such writing as Burton's in "Mecca and Medina," or the Memoirs of Grant, or of a Machiavelli endowed with humor. Butler has the Swiftian merits of verisimilitude. One gets not merely the sense of real mountain and torrent, but those mere figments, the Erewhonians, fit with all their overt perversities into some credible fringe of one's experience. One of the rare passages in literature is the account of Mr. Higgs's progress over range and torrent bed towards the land he had glimpsed. He "pumps" a sullen Maori servant, and the process suggests a veritable Homeric simile:

> As upon a cold day in winter, when one has churned (as I had often had to do), and churned in vain, and the butter makes no sign of coming, at last one tells by the sound that the cream has gone to sleep, and then, upon a sudden, the butter comes, so I had churned at Chowbok, until I perceived that he had arrived, as it were, at the sleepy stage, and that with a continuance of quiet, steady pressure the day was mine.

This massive unconventional quality is in every paragraph that Butler ever wrote, and, as here, the solidity of the phrase and thought is enlivened by underlying humor.

II.

Four of the best chapters of "Erewhon" were written as independent fantasies before 1870. The book was knocked together in the winter of 1870-1871. George Meredith read the manuscript for Dickens's publishers, and advised its rejection, on the ground that it was over-philosophical and little likely to interest the public. Butler commends this opinion. Published anonymously, "Erewhon" was a nine days' wonder, and still lives feebly on the lips of men. Thirty years later it was somewhat amplified and overhauled, but one may doubt if it will ever be galvanized into real popularity. For Butler lacked the simplicity of intention that, rightly or wrongly, the world requires of a moralist. And this is what ails the author of "Erewhon." With all the ingredients of a perfect satire, inferior in penetration and phrase to none of its illustrious predecessors, we never quite know where to find the author. He is disconcertingly Puck-like. Are the Erewhonians held up for our imitation, or are we mocked in them? Sometimes one, sometimes the other, sometimes, apparently both. We are not attacked in the forms, but impishly pelted from a score of coverts by a throng of shifting antagonists. This very mobility is the charm of Butler; it is, I think, not incompatible with literary and moral integrity, but it is a disastrous grace for a universal satire. When one is surveying the moral order, one will not simultaneously play ducks and drakes, or will do so only on the clear understanding that it is play.

Shortly after "Erewhon" an anonymous hoax, "The Fairhaven," which revealed while professing to harmonize the inconsistent accounts of the Resurrection, was hailed by the orthodox press. Already Butler was following up the anti-Darwinian lead. "Life and Habit," 1877; "Evolution Old and New," 1879; "Unconscious Memory," 1880; and "Luck and Cunning," 1886, were so many formidable attacks upon the doctrine of a mechanical natural selection. At the time Darwinism had so completely become the orthodoxy of the Extreme Left that Butler was disregarded as merely a trouble-maker. It would not be surprising if he were revived as a prophet, so fully did he anticipate the most recent criticism of mechanical natural selection. In fact, most of the now popular vitalistic hypotheses he advanced thirty years ago. I have no competence to appraise this part of his achievement, but I can appreciate the athletic merit of his polemic. "Unconscious Memory" is perhaps the central manifesto of this campaign. In it Butler insisted that apparently purposeful habits and adaptations of any organism must, in fact, be purposeful. And this led him to the assertion that a degree of life and memory inhered in all matter. Alum crystallizes because it has an unconscious memory of the pleasure of previous successful crystallizations. Equally important and more plausible is Butler's theory that the embryo in the fullest sense partakes of the life of the parents. There is an actual overlapping of what we call soul from parent to child, and whoever produces his kind enjoys in his offspring an actual if partial survival after death. By his fiftieth year the recluse of Clifford's Inn had pretty well purged his bosom of this perilous stuff, and settled down to the gratification of various accomplishments and the crowning of his career as a satirist. A legacy made the frugal life from now on a matter not of necessity but of choice. Between 1880 and 1900, he published "Alps and Sanctuaries," 1881, and "Ex Voto," 1888, both devoted to art and nature about Varallo. In 1898 and 1908 appeared his prose translations of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, as a kind of guarantee that his treatise of 1897, "The Authoress of the Odyssey," however revolutionary, had been based on serious study. He endeavored to memorize these epics entire, an attempt which succeeded with the sonnets of Shakespeare, which he edited with a commentary in 1899. Here he faced the problem of sin and depravity without blinking, brought the breath of reality into a subject traditionally stifled under evasions and empty apologetics. In these years fall also two cantatas and minor musical compositions in collaboration with his friend, H. Festing Jones, as well as a biography of Butler's grandfather, master of Shrewsbury School and Bishop of Lichfield. And then at sixty-five Butler took up the dropped thread of satire, and wrote an "Erewhon Revisited." Stricken in his beloved Palermo, he was brought back to London to die in mid-June of 1902.

III.

The balloon in "Erewhon" has every look of a shift to end the story. If so, it illustrates that luck in which Butler was so firm a believer. What more admirable starting point for a satire on the founding of a religion than the miraculous ascension and disappearance of a marked individual bent on placating the rain god. If the rain comes, the vanished intercessor of necessity becomes a god. Soon after "Erewhon," Butler tells us, the notion of deifying Higgs occurred to him. It was thirty years before the convenient season came, and then "Erewhon Revisited" was struck off in a single impulse, in a matter of four months.

After twenty years in England, Mr. Higgs is impelled to pass once more over the range. The smoke of factories now pollutes the air of Erewhon. His first encounter is with two pundits, Hanky and Panky, who, on an outing, are discussing the management of a new religion, Sunchildism. With dismay, Higgs perceives that he himself is the Sunchild, recognizes distorted fragments of his religious talk of twenty years ago, and worst of all learns that a temple is

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about to be dedicated to himself in the town of his earlier captivity now re-christened Sunchildtown (pronounce Anglicé Sunch'ton). Proceeding to town, he marks the preparations. In booths are sold the Sayings of the Sunchild, with grotesque or ingenious commentaries; the hoardings offer "dedication trousers" at a bargain. Horror stricken, he determines to speak out at the dedication, and the pundits, suspecting his identity and scenting the peril to the new faith, plot to make away with him. Deliverance comes, as it always does with Butler, through certain "nice people." Yram, the jailer's daughter, had pitied him in his captivity. A by-product of that compassion is George the ranger, with plenary police power from the King. Mr. Higgs is among friends, not to say kin. Yram is now wife of the admirable Mayor of Sunch'ton, who made the best of things and fathered George. Of the whole family, Mrs. Humdrum, an incarnation of prosaic good sense, is the confidant and abettor. How among them they outwitted Hanky and Panky and sent Higgs back over the range, constitutes one of the drollest comedies of intrigue within my knowledge. Suffice it to say that Mrs. Humdrum's solution required perjury of every party to the contest. "Nothing is perfect, and Truth makes her mistakes like other people; when she goes wrong and reduces herself to such an absurdity as she has here done, those who love her must save her from herself, correct her, and rehabilitate her." So opines Mrs. Humdrum. It is some relief that, in private, the King is to be told the facts.

At the risk of his life, Higgs speaks out at the dedication. On reflection, he sees that Sunchildism is so deeply ingrained in the morality of Erewhon that an uprooting would be disastrous and decides to let well enough alone. There is an amazing interview, in which the theologians ask him "as a man of the world," what is to be done about Sunchildism. Higgs's answer is short. They must do away with the absurder beliefs that have sprung up about the ascension. For the rest, he is delighted to note that their best moralists have far improved upon his own crude missionary efforts. The conclusion of the matter is:

> You Musical Bank managers are very much such a body of men as your country needs—but when I was here before, you had no figurehead; I have unwittingly supplied you with one. . . . Sunchildism is still young and plastic; if you will let the cock and bull stories about me tacitly drop, and invent no new ones, beyond saying what a delightful person I was, I really cannot see why I should not do for you as well as anyone else.

Some idea of the sheer audacity of the invention this bare analysis may give. The novelist's sense for spiritual emergencies, the shrewd and plausible characterization of the actors, the tonic sweep of the whole narrative the reader, since my term is near, must take on faith. As compared with the first "Erewhon," which was loosely knit and episodical, the second is magnificently composed and unified. Yet the author admits his fear that the first "is the better reading of the two." And here Butler was right. A certain Voltairean neatness and unmitigated flow of wit are possibly the defects of this great satire. There is no space for such horror and compassion as here and there sparkle in the dense texture of Swift's "Gulliver." With a content of intellectual passion and ingenuity hardly inferior to Swift's, it seems in comparison an artificial masterpiece after the fashion of the *contes* of Voltaire or Flaubert's "Temptation of St. Anthony." Some such pale and secondary immortality as these works enjoy may pretty certainly be predicted for it. The earlier "Erewhon," with all its nonchalances, comes nearer to drawing blood.

IV.

If there is any teaching in "Erewhon Revisited," and often I doubt if the fable has a moral, it is this: we must put up with the worst paradoxes of religion, lest worse befall us in the way of individual fanaticisms. The wise man attenuates the incompatibilities of his credo by the simple expedient of not believing too much. Butler himself was a broad-churchman and a communicant. His single novel, "The Way of All Flesh," illustrates in actual life a catechism the first article of which may be read, "What is the first duty of man?" Answer, "To glorify God, but not excessively."

This novel, begun in 1870 and finished in 1884, coincides with Butler's studies of heredity and is their human commentary. We see the Pontifex family in three generations. George, a self-made business man and moderately the British prig and philistine, begets Theobald, rector of a stupid parish, and in his own household a tyrant without spirit or imagination. There is perhaps no other character in fiction of so formidable a moral clamminess. The theme of the book is chiefly the reaction of the son Ernest against the father. Unhappily, the attempt is thwarted by circumstances and by the unwisdom of Ernest himself. For if the Rev. Theobald is a cold fanatic, the Rev. Ernest bids fair to be merely a hot one. Caught by every wind of religious enthusiasm, he pays both with his person and in his pocket for a dozen preposterous causes. Now he plans to found a college of moral pathology at the instance of the insidious, and, one guesses, depraved, college-mate, Pryer. Again he risks his moral sanity by aimlessly living among the poor whom he does not understand. And here the flesh has its revenge upon him; he finds himself not unjustly imprisoned for a moment of madness that made the evangelist seem a ravisher. Prison is both the beginning of new fanaticisms and of wisdom. How he tried to make a new life as a working man, married a drab, shipwrecked once more, it would be superfluous to tell. External redemption comes to the enthusiast through the luck of having enlisted the interest of an aunt and her executor. "Nice people" pull him out of the bog he has trodden for himself, and he begins philosophy. In all his spiritual vagaries an occasional vision of choice souls who are virtuous or peccant with instinctive discretion has haunted him. Out of this thought he evolves a system of morals. We read, for example, "That vice pays homage to virtue is notorious; we call this hypocrisy; there should be a word found for the homage that virtue not unfrequently pays, or, at any rate, would be wise in paying, to vice." As to the church: "We should be churchmen, but somewhat lukewarm churchmen, inasmuch as those who care very much about either religion or irreligion are seldom observed to be very well bred or agreeable people. The Church itself should approach as nearly to that of Laodicea as was compatible with her continuing to be a church at all, and each individual member should only be hot in striving to be as lukewarm as possible." And the sum of the teaching is this:

> That a man should have been bred well and breed others well; that his figure, head, hands, feet, voice, manner, and clothes should carry conviction upon this point, so that no one can look at him without seeing that he has come of good stock—this is the desiderandum. And the same with a woman. The greatest number of these well-bred men and women, and the greatest happiness of these well-bred men and women, this is the highest good; towards this all government, all social conventions, all art, literature, and science, should directly or indirectly tend.

At first reading of such extracts, we seem to face a remorseless intelligence. But the whole tenor of Butler's life and work contradicts so easy an explanation. The man was reverent beneath his mockery and ever conscious of the tears latent in things mortal. Indeed his habitual mood is so sensitively complex as to baffle the analyst. Yet his own theory of alert and delicate compromise may help us. He felt at liberty, within bounds, to exercise all the functions of his spirit. Out of his most serious reflections wriggles some imp of cerebral tomfoolery. To both he gives their right in the sun. Secure in his own predilection for health, beauty, and sanity, he casts the reins upon the neck of his Pegasus and hurtles perilously near the props of society. Nothing will be knocked down, he knows,

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that ought not to fall, but the spectacle of such caracoling is perforce terrifying to slow wits and persons with smug vested interests. The man was absolutely detached, and society, dearly loving an actor, cannot abide a spectator who avows the rôle. Moreover, Butler was an Ishmaelite. Every Victorian movement found in him a foe. Religion he robbed of its supernatural warranties, leaving it only the sanction of the salutary dulness of its directors and devotees. Scientific materialism, vague humanitarianism, socialism, and the official skepticism of the Huxley sort, he branded as merely so many forms of offensive bad breeding and worse thinking. Of the Briton's sense of national divine election he made pure comedy. The great compromisers, the Kingsleys, Tennysons, and other prophets of "far off divine events," he alienated by holding up an ideal immediate, human, and Greek. To some irreducible minimum of Christianity he clung, as the road to serene athletic paganism. His gospel of an authoritative genius for living in "nice people" might be called a red-blooded version of Matthew Arnold's doctrine of the remnant, but I doubt if the two prophets could for five minutes have endured each other's society. Finally he seemed to commit the unpardonable sin of not caring. In this, they did him an injustice. Butler cared, cared tremendously for, his Aristotelian art of life. But his counsel of consulting as to life those who evidently have *savoir vivre* was too simple, too elementary, too uninspiring for the expansive romanticism of the times. He had not even the art, like Beaumarchais, of being dangerous without seeming so. Yet his rugged skepticism and placid faith may stand when many of the prophets have vanished. So Attic is the man's intelligence, so akin to the temper of Socrates, so genuinely Aristophanic his wit that I cannot believe the world will let him die utterly. And when the gospellers of to-day have extinguished themselves in humorless counsels of perfection, possibly Butler's simple formula of directing life by those who live it successfully may come to honor. The Carlyles and Tennysons will never be taken more seriously than they have been. For the more detached intelligences, the Montaignes, Emersons, and Butlers, the future may well hold increasing possibilities.

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

Correspondence

GLADSTONE ON THE CONSTITUTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My letter in the *Nation* for November 24 was misinterpreted by Mr. Pershing in his communication, published December 1. Gladstone without doubt meant to be taken seriously when he spoke of our Constitution. What I found fault with was the effort of text-book writers to stimulate interest in their works at the expense of Gladstone's intelligence. Let us read the context in which the quotation occurs. The following is from "Kin Beyond Sea," published in the *North American Review*, September, 1878:

Their [the colonies'] infancy had been upon the whole what their manhood was to be, self-governing and republican. Their Revolution, as we call it, was like ours in the main, a vindication of liberties inherited and possessed. It was a conservative revolution, and the happy result was that, notwithstanding the sharpness of the collision, . . . the thirteen colonies made all provision for the future in conformity, as to all that determines life and manners, with the recollections of the past. The two constitutions represent rather the differences than the resemblances of the nations. The one is a thing grown, the other is a thing made; the one a *praxis*, the other a *poiesis;* the one the offspring of tendency and indeterminate time, the other of choice and of an epoch. But as the British Constitution is the most subtle organism which has proceeded from the womb and the long gestation of progressive history, so the American Constitution is, so far as *I can see, the most wonderful work ever* struck off at a given time by the mind and purpose of man.

It has long been customary to use this last clause as a foil in teaching young pupils that the Constitution was not made out of whole cloth—that it was based on certain "sources," as the student of literary evolutions might say. It seems unfair to misuse a man's words, using his name, even for this laudable purpose. Of course it was perfectly well known to Gladstone, as to every other careful student of literature and politics, that the human mind creates nothing, in the sense that the twisted use of his words would imply. He probably did not know our colonial charters and State Constitutions, and therefore could not have referred this or that clause of the Constitution to its source; but he was familiar with the processes by which the instrument was evolved. It seems scarcely necessary to call attention to the fact that his comparison is to emphasize the universally recognized truth that, whereas the English government is based on conventions, ours began with a written basis which our statesmen voluntarily selected and promulgated.

Critics of the work of the Convention of 1787 should avoid two extremes of statement. One assumes that the Fathers undertook their work completely oblivious of colonial experience. Such an error could be committed by the very young or by those entirely unfamiliar with history, but by no other. A second error, and one that now seems more common, is to minimize the work of the Convention and call the Constitution "simply the recorded and well-arranged statement of what experience showed to be the safest method of governing the American States." If this quotation, which is from a recent book by a distinguished scholar, were pressed to the limit as that from Gladstone's essay has been, it would be almost as ridiculous as to say that certain of Shakespeare's plays are simply the dramatization of parts of Hollinshed's "Chronicle."

A great deal of scholarly authority was put behind the misuse of Gladstone's expression by Professor Johnston's essay, "The First Century of the Constitution," in the *New Princeton Review* for September, 1887, cited by Mr. Pershing. It may be remarked that John Fiske, after reading Professor Johnston's essay, took Gladstone's words at their face value (see the "Critical Period," p. 223). Now let us see what Professor Johnston really said:

The verdict of approval [of the Constitution], however, has taken the form which implies a certain *flat* power in the Convention. The first number of the *Federalist* [by Jay], issued in the month following the adjournment of the Convention, speaks in this wise: "It seems to have been reserved to the people of this country to decide, by their conduct and example, the important question whether societies of men are really capable or not of establishing good government from reflection and choice, or whether they are forever destined to depend for their political constitutions on accident and force." The implications of this passage are only carried out to their logical conclusion in Mr. Gladstone's often-quoted sentence: "The American Constitution is the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the mind and purpose of man." Is this sentence, in its full force, within the range of possibility? Is it possible for even the wisest and most patriotic body of human beings, through debate in less than four months, to create out of nothing a scheme of government which shall endure with no practical change for a hundred years of the most active national life modern times have known?

It should be remembered that John Jay, who is here quoted, was one of the most learned lawyers of his day, and one of the ablest statesmen in America. Is it probable that he did not know the Constitution was not created "out of nothing"? Professor Johnston says that his interpretation of Gladstone's expression is possible only if it is taken "in its full force." He might more fairly have said, "if the meaning is altered somewhat."

EDGAR DAWSON.

New York, December 19.

JULES CLARETIE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Eliot Gregory's letter in the *Nation*, of December 8, describing the fête at the Théâtre Français to M. Jules Claretie on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession to the management, is extremely interesting. M. Claretie is a most brilliant and versatile man. At the time of his appointment he was, as Delaunay says in his memoirs, "publiciste, romancier, et critique connu plus de vingt ans," already a member of the French Academy; and it is universally admitted that, for tact and business ability as theatrical manager, he has been as remarkable as for his achievements in letters. No doubt he well deserved the honor of this fête. But Mr. Gregory makes two statements which amaze me. He says:

In 1885 he received from his predecessor, M. Perrin, a theatre singularly abandoned by the public, and a troop of actors composed chiefly of nullities, brightened by one or two burnt-out stars, and from this discouraging beginning was able to build up an ensemble that has remained for almost a generation without its equal in Europe.

In short, according to Mr. Gregory, M. Claretie regenerated the Français. A little further on, Mr. Gregory says: "He opened its doors wide to the youth of that day—Lavedan, Brieux, Rostand, Rivoire, Pailleron, owed their start to his timely

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and enlightened aid." What were the obligations to M. Claretie of the first four, I do not know, but he certainly did nothing as manager to start M. Pailleron. M. Pailleron was born in 1834, six years before M. Claretie. His "Dernier Quartier" was played at the Français in 1863. Then several more plays were accepted there, and in April, 1881, was produced at the Français "Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie," which had instant and tremendous success, has been played year after year, and still keeps the stage. In 1881, also, M. Pailleron was elected to the Academy.

These are a few members of the large cast at the first performance of "Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie": MM. Got, Delaunay, Coquelin; Mesdames Madeleine Brohan, Reichemberg, Broisat, Jeanne Samary. All these persons were playing in 1885. Got and Delaunay were elderly men, but delightful until their retirement some years later. Coquelin was then, I think, forty-four, and, though he retired from the Français in 1886, he continued to be a star of the first magnitude until his death, a year or two ago. Madeleine Brohan retired in 1885, by no means broken down at fifty-two. Madame Broisat, in 1885, was thirty-seven. The lovely Suzanne Reichemberg was thirty-four and looked about twenty. Jeanne Samary, one of the most brilliant actresses of the nineteenth century, was twenty-eight, and looked particularly fresh and youthful, *dulce loquens dulce ridens*, until her untimely death some years later. In 1885 there were many other great players at the Français. Madame Jouassin, admirable in light comedy, retired, in 1887, aged fifty-eight. Mlle. Bartet, mentioned by Mr. Gregory as still the most gracious and beautiful of *doyennes*, played Denise in 1885. Mlle. Baretta, a little younger and in the first rank, a year or two before had married Worms, another fine actor, who died only the other day. In 1885 he was forty-eight. MM. Féraudy and Truffier were then young, but played leading parts, as they still do, and Coquelin Cadet, eight years younger than his brother, was perfect in some parts. How can any one who ever saw the company in which these persons were prominent say that it was composed chiefly of nullities, brightened by one or two burnt-out stars?

I never had Mr. Gregory's advantage of knowing any of them personally, but they so often delighted me that I resent the statement. I saw the company in London in 1871 on the occasion of its famous flight from Paris, and I saw it constantly in Paris in 1873 and 1876. By 1885 it had lost Bressant by death, and the erratic Sarah and Croizette by resignation, but it had gained others, and I maintain that it had, as a whole, quite as much talent as it had fourteen years earlier, and had in no way lost its prestige. I have seen its performances on six different visits to Paris since 1885, last of all in 1909, and, although among the theatres of the world I believe it still *facile princeps*, I do not believe that M. Claretie would assert that he now had anything like as accomplished actors as he had twenty-five years ago.

G. H. FISHER.

Philadelphia, December 18.

DANTE AND ST. AUGUSTINE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of December 16, 1909, I proposed an interpretation of the mysterious words of Love to Dante in the "Vita Nuova," chapter xii: *Ego tamquam centrum circuli, cui simili modo se habent circumferentiæ partes; tu autem non sic* (I am as the centre of a circle, to which all parts of the circumference bear a like relation; but thou art not so). Although the poet feigns not to understand this symbolic self-definition of Love at the time, he would appear finally to have realized its significance, when, initiate in heavenly mysteries, he says:

> Already my desire and will were rolled—
> Even as a wheel that moveth equally—
> By the Love that moves the sun and the other stars.

He too had become, like Love, "as the centre of a circle, to which all parts of the circumference bear a like relation." The term "equally" (*egualmente*) indicates that the wheel to which Dante compares himself regenerate, like the circle of which Love is as the centre, is a true circle; there is no inequality.

This symbolizing of moral perfection by the geometric "equality" of a circle, and comparison of the love "which is nobleness" to the centre of a circle, is anticipated by St. Augustine in his dialogue entitled "De Quantitate Animæ."* To illustrate how the incorporeal soul may exert power even over the material body, Augustine has recourse to pure mathematics. By a series of Socratic questions, he brings his young interlocutor, Evodius, to agree that of all plane figures the circle is the most perfect in "equality," in that its circumference is everywhere "equivalent" (*concors*), its "equality" is broken by no angle, and from its centre to all parts of the circumference equal lines can be drawn (*et a cujus medio ad omnes extremitatis partes pares liniæ duci possunt*). We are reminded at once of Love's words to Dante.

But why Evodius's instinctive preference for such geometrical "equality," or symmetry? Really, explains his mentor, the instinct is at bottom the recognition of "high and inviolable justice." Justice is based on equity; equity is so called from equality. Thus the circle is a *natural* symbol of justice.

The determinant and measure of a circle, however, is the mathematical point, its centre. For a circle is described by the revolution of the point at the end of the radial line about the fixed point at the other end. And by definition, a mathematical point, having neither length, breadth, nor thickness, is incorporeal. In potency and incorporeality, therefore, it is a natural symbol of the soul; and, when the moving centre of a circle, a natural symbol of a just soul, that is, of a soul "conforming equally on all sides to reason."

Certainly, Augustine's explanation exactly fits the self-definition of Dante's Love, "lord of nobleness," or virtue. Virtue for Dante, as for Augustine, is "a certain divine harmony of relations" (*divina quadam congruentia rationum*) in the soul.

Love denies to Dante present possession of this "divine harmony" of soul; hence the tribulations which follow in the "Vita Nuova." A later passage in Augustine's treatise helps to motivate these tribulations.

In this passage Augustine traces in Neo-Platonic fashion the seven grades of ascent of the human soul back to God. In the first, or lowest grade, the soul is life-force without consciousness, that which we have in common with the plants; in the second grade, it is sentient, but not rational, that which we have in common with the brutes; in the third grade, it is rational, but not moral. The wisdom of this third grade is worldly wisdom. With the fourth grade, divine wisdom enters in to purge the soul of worldliness and selfishness; in the fifth grade, the purged soul confirms itself in its "new life" by works of piety and charity; and in the sixth grade, it yearns in contemplation from afar for that blessedness of union with God, which is its Sabbath, or seventh grade. But no grade in this ascent, no rung in this ladder of love, may with impunity be skipped; there are no short cuts to blessedness. The highest good is, indeed, to behold God; but "whosoever would do this before they are cleansed and healed, are so stricken by that light of truth that they see in it not only no goodness, but even much evil, and, therefore, deny to it the name of truth, and with their lusts and miserable pleasures, refusing health, flee away in their darkness, which is even their death." So Dante, yearning for the reward of Beatrice (blessedness) before he is healed and cleansed, is tempted to call love an evil thing, to flee from Beatrice, from blessedness itself, because it chastens; and he is racked by conflicting impulses until he feels his death at hand. He is saved by turning his over-presumptuous soul back to the neglected fourth grade of self-purgation, finding his peace in selfless worship. Only will he be worthy of the reward (*mercede*) of Beatrice, or blessedness, when his love shall have become also as the centre of a circle that is moved, like a wheel, equally,

> By the Love which moves the sun and the other stars.

JEFFERSON B. FLETCHER.

Columbia University, December 20.

Patrologiæ Latinæ Tom. xxxii, 1035 et seq. Dante himself cites the dialogue in the epistle to Can Grande, sect. 28.

INFLATION OF DICTIONARIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The further improvement of dictionaries will so much depend on a clearer general recognition of what language is, that I hope your recent editorial on "The Way of Words" will not add currency to the notion that our actual English vocabulary has been enormously increasing. The great numerical gains between the Johnson of 1818 and the Webster of 1909 represent an addition, not only of English words previously unrecorded, but of variant spellings, obsolete and proposed; of the Latin nomenclature for plant and animal species, common to scientists of all lands; and of phrases which, besides idioms and compounds, include a host of such "readers' handbook," entries as *army organization, Arn.* (abbreviation of Arnold), *arpent d'ordonnance*, and *American Socrates* (*i. e.*, Benjamin Franklin!). If, disregarding these,

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one were to count as words only distinct, ultimate, and independent sense-units, the recent total of 400,000 would probably shrink by three-fourths. Even then the question how many actual words remained would rest upon ambiguities. One must first settle what differences of function and form are variations in the same word, and what yield different words. Thus the new Webster enters *mountain* as an adjective, to cover its attributive uses—in "*mountain* laurel," etc.—but every common name in the language may thereby count as two words. Its separate entry of transitive and intransitive uses doubles the showing for most verbs. Many thousand entries result merely from the unstable lines between English parts of speech. As to forms, one must note that the count which you cite took in both title-words and "the inflected forms which appear in small capitals." Every compared adjective, therefore, gives three words; every verb, from three to five. It is plain that before we can make any profitable comparison with the early totals quoted by Dr. Long, we must know precisely how the count was made in each case.

The rivalry of modern dictionaries in the matter of numerical totals has been subject to one rule: every form recorded must be taken from actual use. What this comes to practically is that its occurrence must be provable by a printed, or at least a documentary, source. For thousands of words, however, the proof of their occurrence is quite irrelevant. I refer to what Sir James Murray has called "perpetual nonce-words." No feature of English speech is more characteristic than its stock of free formatives—*non-, anti-, pro-, semi-, sub-, un-, -ation, -ly, -ness, -ish,* etc.—by which one may improvise needed words at will. Every vigorous and accurate thinker uses scores of such words, not half of which ever fall under the eyes of dictionary compilers. Take the list under *un-*. You find *unhealth, unhealthful, unhealthfully, unhealthfulness unhealthy, unhealthily, unhealthiness;* but you find no corresponding list for *wealth.* Yet *unwealth, unwealthy,* etc., would be unimpeachable English words, every one of which has doubtless occurred in uttered or written speech; nor can you fairly urge against it that, taken alone, it looks superfluous, for given certain exigencies of context, it becomes the sole word "pour fixer les nuances." To ransack books and papers for such forms is time wasted. They can be derived equally well by some formula of permutation. And, be it noted, these words have always belonged to the language as what Berkeley might have called its "latent possibilities of experience." Self-evident derivatives, in fact, together with more or less self-evident compounds, make it futile to talk of "the number of words in the language," for at any period their number is virtually unlimited.

Imposing as the modern dictionary appears, a scrutiny of the character of its entries will show that so far as concerns a census of words, its hundred thousands might as well be millions. In fact, entries of the classes I have mentioned represent a selection from almost numberless terms equally legitimate as words. Botany and zoölogy alone have thousands of names now excluded as not "of popular or semipopular interest," and if animate species threaten to run short, the quantitative classification of rocks will supply *ad libitum* such verbal gems as *dargase, scotare, umptekase, quardofelic, dofemane.* Clearly, an omnium gatherum, which unites with a word-book of spoken and written English so much that is extraneous to the business of thinking, does not in the least reflect the status of our medium of mental exchange. The vocabulary by which ideas are expressed is quite unaffected by the presence or lack of labels for sixty-odd species of parrot or for 3,000 distinguishable grasses. And of this central vocabulary, no one can say that it is "passing into the hands of the favored few," or that its growing volume will swamp all but the genius and the specialist. Growth, indeed, it does show, but the growth that interests a dictionary chief is not its mere accretion of speech material, but rather the slow crystallizing within it of distinctions that make for clarity. Mr. F. Sturges Allen, chief of the latest Webster staff, has remarked that the present-day thesaurus, which includes virtually all word-forms in sight, does a service to the next generation by reducing to absurdity the superstition that a word gains standing by its mere inclusion. The question whether or not a given form is entered will then give way to questions about the formative laws that yield it; and in tracing a word's sense-progress dictionaries may aim to record less of the accidents of its career, and more, so to speak, of its intentions: of the larger notional drift reflected in its development. Much that gives bulk to the English vocabulary can be disregarded, once its analytic principle has been decanted off.

ALFRED D. SHEFFIELD.

Cambridge, Mass, December 17.

ERRORS IN THE CAMBRIDGE ENGLISH LITERATURE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have noted a number of errors in the two new volumes of the "Cambridge History of English Literature" ("The Drama to 1642"), to which it may be worth while to call attention, as they were not mentioned in your review of December 15, and as the History will be used by scholars for reference. As these mistakes were remarked in a mere preliminary glance through the volumes some weeks since, one is justified in supposing that others remain to be discovered.

In Volume V I have noted the following:

Page 234, line 7: For "nine and thirty" read "seven and thirty." You justly criticise the amazing system which Professor Saintsbury employs in this chapter on Shakespeare, but I know of no system, or lack of system, that can count as Shakespeare's more than thirty-seven plays, unless one has recourse to Mr. Tucker Brooke's "Apocrypha"!

Page 461, line 6 from bottom: The reference should be to Vol. IV, not Vol. VI.

Page 463, line 15 from bottom: There should here be added a reference to the bibliography of Vol. IV, chap. vi, where Greene's lyric poetry is given.

Page 468, line 20 from bottom: The last entry under "Symonds, J. A.," should appear under "Ellis, H." A confusion has here occurred owing to the fact that J. A. Symonds wrote the "General Introduction" to the Mermaid Series which was published in the volume of Marlowe's plays. But the special essay on Marlowe is the work of Havelock Ellis.

Page 476, line 6: "The Comedy of Errors" is omitted from this bibliographical list of Shakespeare's plays. This may be because there are no special studies of the play; but neither are there any of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" which is, nevertheless, included in the list.

Page 482, line 22: For "Furness, H. H." read "Furness, H. H., Jr."

The following corrections should be made in Volume VI:

Page 344, line 2: For "W. H. Furness" read "H. H. Furness," and correct the entry in the index.

Page 482, line 13: Havelock Ellis edited both volumes of Middleton's plays in the Mermaid Series. Swinburne did not edit Vol. I. The Introduction, however, is a reprint of his essay on Middleton, originally published in the *Nineteenth Century* for January, 1886.

Page 483, line 22: The bracketed note should follow the entry under "Stork" not that under "Zeitlin."

See also the index under "Mantuan," where reference is given to page 364. At that place I have found no mention of the poet, unless we are supposed to consider certain "Italian sources" as a sufficiently clear designation!

I have by me notes of other minor errors. Professor Saintsbury misquotes, but that is to be expected; a title in the text, though ostensibly quoted verbatim, does not agree with that given in the bibliography; the title of a recent sumptuous edition of Shakespeare is incorrectly given; the index is defective in more than one place

SAMUEL C. CHEW, JR.

Baltimore, December 21.

Literature

BOOKS ON AFRICA.

The Basutos: The Mountaineers and Their Country. By Sir Godfrey Lagden, K.C.M.G. With 70 illustrations and 9 maps. In two volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $6 net.

Service and Sport in the Sudan: A record of administration in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. By D. C. E. ff. Comyn. With 29 illustrations and 3 maps. New York: John Lane Co. $4 net.

In the Torrid Sudan. By H. Lincoln Tangye. With maps and illustrations. Boston: R. G. Badger. $3 net.

To Abyssinia through an Unknown Land. By Capt. C. H. Stigand. With 36 illustrations and 2 maps. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.50 net.

In the Heart of Africa. By the Duke Adolphus Frederick of Mecklenburg. Translated by G. E. Maberly-Oppler. With maps and numerous illustrations. New York: Cassell & Co. $5 net.

A Voice from the Congo. By Herbert Ward. With illustrations from photographs, sculpture, and drawings by

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the author. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

In Africa: Hunting Adventures in the Big-Game Country. By John T. McCutcheon. With photographs and cartoons by the author. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. $2.50.

Basutoland comprises the Drakensberg range, the Switzerland of South Africa, and has been in the possession of its people for nearly a century. It first came into touch with the whites in 1833, when its chief, Moshesh, asked for a missionary to come and live with him, and give him advice in governing. Largely through the wisdom of their chief the Basutos have fared well. In 1854 he published an ordinance against the introduction of spiritous liquor, which contains the statement, "We deem that a good chief and judge cannot claim to be competent to execute his duties, if he make use of anything of an intoxicating nature." Independence being endangered by the encroachment of the Dutch settlers, Moshesh procured in 1842 the protection of the British Crown.

The narrative of the events during his rule occupies the larger part of the two volumes. They were mainly little wars, intertribal and with their neighbors in the Orange Free State, boundary disputes and negotiations with the British officials, of whose mistakes and unjust acts there is no attempt at concealment. Prominent among these was the issue of a command to the Basutos to give up their firearms, which caused serious trouble for several years, until the policy was abandoned and the act repealed. It is hardly necessary to add that there are countless instances of the heartless treatment of the natives by the Boers. Basutoland is still virtually independent, though under the supreme authority of the Crown. In 1903 a large share of the government was delegated to a National Council partly selected by the chiefs and partly nominated by the government. At its first meeting it adopted a code of laws, one of which provided for the "statutory punishment for seduction and abduction of women." Its present condition is as remarkable as its history. There is no pauperism, and "it has a balance in the bank of £150,000, without any debt or liabilities whatever." According to the latest statistics available, there are 248 schools with 12,195 pupils, and two years ago "78,000 men went abroad at intervals for work, not all absent at the same time." Their social and economic life is founded on the communal ownership of land, which has prevented Europeans from purchasing or otherwise gaining occupation. Sir Godfrey's work, it must be confessed, is not easy reading, so much of it is taken up with detailed accounts of small matters and with long extracts from documents.

Major Comyn's book, like Sir Godfrey's, describes the author's rich first-hand experiences with natives—in his case the Sudanese. For the larger part of the four years, he was a member of the civil administration, his principal duties being dispensing justice, settling disputes, building stations, opening roads, the cultivation of oases, and "patrolling." This meant going from village to village to come in touch with the sultans, as the chiefs are termed in many tribes, though they may be lords of only two hundred men. He also did much exploring in the little-known regions bordering on Abyssinia in the southeast and on the Nile and Congo watershed in the west. Many times he was obliged to defend his camp from the attacks of lions. In one instance, he says:

> The fires were lighted, and shortly afterwards we began to see lions walking round our camp, the firelight playing on them, and showing, as they stood and stared at intervals, the corners of their cruel mouths drooping. There were quite thirty of them.

Elephants were very numerous in many places, and here is his account of an experience with giraffes:

> I fear I will be dubbed a dreamer, or worse, when I state that one day a herd which numbered from 500 to 800, followed the gunboat so closely that we could distinguish the markings on their heads. They evidently took our yellow funnel for the neck of their Mahdi. This herd moved in quite a military formation. The thick mass in the centre was surrounded by advanced guard, flankers, etc. That it should have followed us is not extraordinary, for the giraffe is intensely curious.

The "self-sacrificing earnestness and practical intelligence" of these "pioneers of administration" are well attested by "In the Torrid Sudan," of which the main purpose, however, is to recount the author's extensive journey. Starting from Khartum, Mr. Tangye ascended the Dinder, one of the affluents of the Blue Nile, to the Abyssinian frontier, which he was not allowed to cross. Here is a post established to prevent the slave-trade, and so effective is its work that "only one case of slave-running occurred in 1908." From this place, he crossed to the White Nile, through a region which he characterizes as a "breezeless, burning, shadeless furnace—the home of great loneliness." In the one hundred and sixteen miles traversed, there were only two places in which water could be found. Up the main river, he came to the marsh land where dwells "man in the raw state, perhaps nearly as God created him in the first instance." Much interesting information is given of these Nuers, Dinkas, and Shilluks, who attain an enormous height, the leg being of great length, probably because of the constant necessity of wading. Among other things, he learned that the laws of the Dinka are "drawn up in a well-defined code. . . . Many provisions have resemblance to laws detailed in the earliest books of the Bible."

The almost unknown region, lying between British East Africa and Abyssinia, is the portion of Africa which Capt. C. H. Stigand has chosen to describe. With a modest following of thirty porters and a headman he made his explorations, which he describes in "To Abyssinia through an Unknown Land." There are vivid pictures of life on the trek, and much information, including some folk-lore tales, is given about the twenty different tribes encountered, some of which had never before seen a white man. In three of them the custom prevailed of strangling the first-born child and throwing the body away to be eaten by the crocodiles or hyenas, in obedience, they asserted, to a decree of their ancestors.

Duke Adolphus Frederick, in his explorations "In the Heart of Africa," was accompanied by a scientific staff consisting of topographer, geologist, botanist, zoölogist, ethnologist, bacteriologist and doctor, and seven hundred men were employed as carriers. Some idea may be gained of what it costs to maintain such an expedition by the fact that "during the first fourteen days" they "disposed of 20,000 bunches of bananas." The research work was confined to the northwestern part of the German East African Protectorate, and considerable space is given to reports by leaders of parties sent out to make special investigations. The most original work was the investigation of the animal and plant world, and more especially of the geological conditions of the Virunga volcanic region, then virtually unknown. From one of its eight gigantic peaks eleven eruptions were observed:

> The columns of vapor, illuminated as if by a smelting furnace, shot up from the broad mouth of the crater like pillars of fire to the heavens, gleaming blood-red, and then fell down to earth again, sparkling and scintillating in a glorious rain of glowing ashes.

Many craters, one over a mile in diameter, and lava tunnels and caves were found, and elephants were tracked to heights of above 7,000 feet. The natives said they "always kept to the mountain slopes and never shifted their quarters to the plains." The homeward journey was made through the Congo State. The account leaves a favorable impression of some of the Belgian officials and their methods of government. The stations were well-built and attractive, with gardens and with rubber, cotton, and coffee plantations, and the natives seemed on good terms with their rulers. One station at which "foreign visitors had never before been received" was the headquarters of a district which, it had been recently discovered, was rich in alluvial gold. A mining industry had been started with twenty-one engineers and prospectors and eight hundred

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workmen. To bring this region, in which all the creeks and rivers carry gold, into nearer touch with the civilized world, the government had just decided to build an automobile road to Lake Albert, and "the first 130 miles were finished in the spring of 1909." When completed, Kilo will be only fourteen days distant from the Indian Ocean. While passing through the Congo territory the duke was impressed with the way in which Stanley's memory was cherished by the natives. Prominent Europeans are designated by his name, "Bulamatari," breaker of rocks. "The governor and heads of districts are frequently given this name; I myself was honored with it at times."

The aim of Herbert Ward in "A Voice from the Congo" is to call forth sympathy for his African friends, among whom, while in the Belgian service, he passed the five most impressionable years of his life. The stories which he tells reveal in the native a rare amount of noble devotion and loyalty. Among the interesting men who flit across his pages are Tippoo Tib the great slave-hunter, Stanley, and Capt. Deane, the gallant defender of Stanley Falls against the attack of the Arabs. But his references to them are rather disappointing, as is the lack of information in regard to the Congo State as it existed in his time, now more than twenty years ago. Some of his anecdotes and observations are trivial and unworthy of publication. The seventy-two illustrations are, many of them, of unusual interest. They include reproductions of photographs of the native, of his implements, and of some remarkable sculptures, one of which, a bronze statue of a Congo chief, won a gold medal at the Paris Salon in 1908. There is also given the music of two native songs.

For graphic description of the romantic life and adventures of the hunter after big game, "In Africa," by John T. McCutcheon, the well-known cartoonist of the Chicago *Tribune*, can be heartily commended. The object of the expedition, of which he was a member and Mr. Akeley the head, was to obtain specimens for the American Museum of Natural History in New York; the familiar region of British East Africa, the home of the lion and elephant, being the hunting-ground. Its success was partly due to Col. Roosevelt, who had promised to coöperate in the work; for a time the two expeditions were joined. The farthest point reached was Mt. Elgon, on the Uganda frontier; the wonderful caverns on its slopes were explored. They have been inhabited from ancient times, "and in places the solid rock was worn smooth and deep by the bare feet of centuries of naked people." At the end Mr. McCutcheon had a unique adventure. Riding in a carriage drawn by two mules, just outside of Nairobi, the seat of government of the protectorate, he came suddenly upon three lions, two immense males and a female, and pursued them for hours unsuccessfully. In addition to his narrative, he describes with great care the different species of big game which are to be found in this region, and gives much useful information for intending sportsmen. The only criticism which we have to make is that his material has not been wisely edited.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Barrier. By René Bazin. Translated by Mary D. Frost. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

M. Bazin is professor of law at the University of Anger, and member of the most intellectual society in the world, the French Academy. But he is also a member of that great church which still —when every tendency of the times makes for the fusion and identification of the divine with the human—insists with some vestiges of its ancient power upon the absolute distinction between the spiritual realm and the kingdom of this world. For him, therefore, religion is not the facile bond that unites a heterogeneous multitude in church teas, expensive music, and social reform. It is, indeed, the bond of true believers. But it is also, as of old, the dividing sword between father and son, and lover and beloved. Within its circle is the warmth of the world; without, the coldness of an eternal separation. The note of M. Bazin's novels is a rare spiritual sensitiveness which impresses one as being at once essentially feminine, eminently French, and distinctively Roman Catholic. It is the protest of a sense which is rapidly becoming obsolete as a human faculty—the sense of *religious* purity.

The hero of the book is Reginald Breynolds, son of an English baronet, who is a political and religious Tory. Reginald, an officer in the army, is a curious latter-day Newman. For him the question of "the Real Presence in the sacrament," upon which he has been brooding in the Indian jungle, constitutes "the essence of religion." He settles the question as did the Cardinal, and thus establishes the barrier between himself and his father. Félicien Limerel is a young Frenchman reared in a family nominally Roman Catholic, but in practice entirely worldly. Félicien, after painful struggles, loses his faith and becomes a skeptic. His unbelief constitutes the barrier between him and his cousin, Marie, with whom he is desperately in love. Marie is the type and touchstone of religious purity. She loves, or loved, Félicien, but to her marriage is a sacrament to be celebrated only with believers. When Reginald goes to Rome, the two youug people who are within the pale are powerfully attracted to each other. They refrain from union, however, for the present, out of delicacy for the memory of Félicien. The book is, of course, an anachronism for those outside the timeless church. It is not necessary to recognize the validity of "the barrier"; but unless one is interested in the religious questions involved, the story is naught, for the characters are quite insignificant except as they illustrate the plot.

Cynthia's Chauffeur. By Louis Tracy. New York: Edward J. Clode.

In the rôle of hired chauffeur, a young English lord of distinguished military, diplomatic, and scientific attainments conducts an American heiress and her chaperon on an extended trip. This arrangement permits him to dazzle the lady with his knowledge of English history and poetry, to save her from a ducking in the Wye, to protect her from the matrimonial designs of an unscrupulous French count, and to fall in love with her himself; but the discerning reader will readily see that it will never enable him to win the heart of "Cynthia, who is proud and queenly, and who will strive against the dictates of her own heart because it is not seemly that she should wed her father's paid servant." However, when Cynthia's predilection has been reinforced by a sight of his mansion in Cavendish Square, and my lord in his own titled person has granted satisfaction to the wicked count, and fallen, desperately wounded, on the sands of Calais, the experienced eye sees the way clear to an international alliance. And when, learning of his ensanguined plight, and realizing that she has missed the next train to Calais, Cynthia moans, "Would I could fly there!" no reasonable reader can refuse full sanction to her ardor.

A year or two more and Mr. Tracy will be able to put an aeroplane at the immediate disposal of similarly placed heroines. For the present he has had to content himself with a motor-car as the vehicle of romance. And never before has the intractable automobile been subdued to so sympathetic a part in human drama.

Fraternity: A Romance of Inspiration. New York: Harper & Bros.

When, last summer, J. Pierpont Morgan heard that this novel was to be republished, he took occasion to congratulate the publishers: "I consider it," he wrote, "one of the most helpful books published during these latter years that has come under my cognizance." Now, what he admires the book for is its exemplification of "the spirit that should animate human kind in the endeavor to develop civilization through a real cooperation." This is magnanimous in one whose immense fortune has sprung from competition. But we do not doubt Mr. Morgan's sincere admiration for a book whose spirit does not seek expression in the embarrassing form of prac-

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tical theory. The vague socialism it preaches does not profess to embody itself in any such Utopian scheme as newer writers, from Bellamy to Wells and London, have been wont to offer. Such moral as it has lies in the spectacle of a single disinterested and aspiring life. The hero is a young Welsh schoolmaster, a man of generous spirit and warm aspiration. The machinery and flavor of his private romance is Trollopean. He falls in love with a Welsh girl pupil, and runs away from her as soon as he finds that she loves him, because he regards her as his social (and pecuniary) superior. His own origin is obscure; but everything is readily brought out right in the end by the revelation of a very respectable birth and a sufficient inheritance as his due. Where he breaks with the Trollopean tradition is in giving up his birthright to the half-brother who has been brought up in expectation of it. However, he accepts a small competency as his share, and we are comfortably sure that this marriage with the Welsh girl does not entail those material uncertainties on her part which sometimes fall to the lot of those who try to live on terms of coöperation in a world where competition still rules. The book, from its quaintness of method (for Trollope is already quaint), and its fresh, if vague, enthusiasm, is pleasant to read. We doubt whether Mr. Morgan is justified in believing "that great good will come from an enlarged promulgation of its principles"; or rather we doubt if such promulgation is likely to result from the present republication. The principles in question may be found in every primer of modern socialism; and in much modern fiction which is chiefly effective because it is of to-day.

Out of Drowning Valley. By S. Carleton Jones. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Here is a complicated web of adventure woven around the good old theme of a fabulous gold mine. The whole train of breath-taking dangers and narrow escapes is run off with such speed and smoothness, and is related with such a vigorous, convincing plainness of phrase, that the reader has no chance to be either critical or incredulous. Even the obliging landslide, whose strangely opportune intervention saves Scarlett and his boyish sweetheart from death in the flooded cavern, excites unmixed sentiments of admiration and relief.

THE SERMON OF THE DEED.

Twenty Years at Hull-House, with Autobiographical Notes. By Jane Addams. With illustrations by Norah Hamilton. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.

"Which is better," asks Professor Cooley in his "Social Organization, "fellowship or distinction? There is much to be said on both sides, but the finer spirits of our day lean toward the former, and find it more human and exhilarating to spread abroad the good things the world already has than to prosecute a lonesome search for new ones. I notice among the choicest people I know —those who seem to me most representative of the inner trend of democracy —a certain generous contempt for distinction and a passion to cast their lives heartily on the general current." This penetrating observation is suggested by Miss Jane Addams's new book on her life at Hull-House. About a third of the material has previously appeared in the magazines; but unlike the author's previous books setting forth conclusions based on her experience, this traces the experiences themselves with the invaluable sidelight emanating from her own early history.

Miss Addams was born in the village of Cedarville, Illinois, in 1860, the daughter of a Hicksite Quaker who, from 1854 to 1870, was a member of the State Senate, and sufficiently conversant with politics to enjoy the intimate confidence of Lincoln. Her mother died when the future founder of Hull-House was a baby. Despite her physical infirmity—a curvature of the spine—her childhood was a joyous one. The family was well-to-do, if not prosperous; there was an ample air of public interest and public spirit stirring in the household circle; and more than the ordinary heritage of culture. She records that even as a child, her "mind was busy, however, with the old question eternally suggested by the inequalities of the human lot" (p. 14). Like her older sisters before her, Miss Addams went to the seminary, now college, at Rockford, Illinois, one of the earliest schools in the West for the higher education of women, and dubbed, because of affinity of spirit, "The Mount Holyoke of the West." All the fine enthusiasms of those early days of collegiate education for women found in Miss Addams hospitable lodgment, though she records with a bit of waggishness how once upon occasion, in an intercollegiate oratorical contest, she was pitted against no less a competitor than William Jennings Bryan (p. 55). Her father's death occurred soon after she left college. Diverted from the professional study of medicine by a long illness, she spent some years in study, and in travel and residence abroad, until Hull-House in Chicago was opened in 1889. She speaks with an amusing impatience of "the snare of preparation," and with true feminine relief at the thought that "I had at last finished with the everlasting preparation for life," however ill-prepared I might be" (p. 88).

The social settlement has become so familiar an institution that an estimate of its nature and functions is less necessary than an insight into the convictions and character of the best known of its early founders in this country—and this, for the reason that Miss Addams's work has had so strong a formative influence upon settlements everywhere in the United States. The fundamental motive which seems to have actuated her proceeded from her conviction of the utter futility of a detached attainment of moral excellence. This root idea she expresses at times negatively in terms of revolt, or at least of reaction, against a premature overdose of individualistic cultivation, "a moral revulsion against this feverish search after culture" (p. 75). Positively, the same dominant impulse she describes almost passionately as a belief in the supreme moral worth of democracy in social relationships. During the eight years that fell wasted in "the snare of preparation" she "was absolutely at sea so far as any moral purpose was concerned, clinging only to the desire to live in a really living world and refusing to be content with a shadowy intellectual or æsthetic reflection of it" (p. 64). At times, a note almost bitter against the intellectual surfeiting of college training is sounded—"lumbering our minds with literature that only served to cloud the really vital situation spread before our eyes" (p. 70). Or again, when she avers that the "first generation of college women had taken their learning too quickly, had departed too suddenly from the active emotional life led by their grandmothers" . . . had lost that simple almost automatic response to the human appeal" (p. 71).

Her positive attachment to democracy, in the sense of "universal fellowship" in the life-adventure of the race, will appear most clearly if treated conjointly with Miss Addams's second ruling trait, a curious detachment coupled with skepticism about any system, religion, or panacea which falls short of her dominating idea of "universal fellowship." She herself ascribes her rejection of the evangelical assault upon her at college as due to her father's insistence upon "moral integrity" in the forum of conscience as the supreme law of the soul. But some years after, when all outside pressure was withdrawn, she voluntarily was baptized and became a communicant. The recital of the episode is exquisite—as "mere literature" finer than St. Augustine's conversion, in our opinion—but, while explicit as to the absence of disturbance of soul or strong compunction, she adds this revelatory comment:

> There was also growing within me an almost passionate devotion to the ideals of democracy, and when in all history had these ideals been so thrillingly expressed as when the faith of the fisherman and slave had been boldly opposed to the accepted moral belief that the well-being of a privileged few might justly be built upon

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the ignorance and sacrifice of the many? (p. 79).

After this one does not wonder that the single-taxer who sought to convert her to his cult by sudden prayer for her in her presence went away sorrowful (p. 57); or that she failed to convert herself to Socialism, though she conscientiously made the effort (p. 186).

It is interesting to notice how this underlying conviction and motive determine her attitude—and incidentally the attitude of settlement workers so largely—upon public issues. Of factory legislation in behalf of the weak, children and women, they approve (p. 174). With trades-unionism so far as "it is a general social movement concerning all members of society and not merely a class struggle" (p. 213), they are in sympathy. For a discriminating State regimentation they stand, for "if certain industrial conditions are forcing workers below the standard of decency, it becomes possible to deduce the right of State regulation" on the ground that "the very existence of the State depends upon the character of its citizens" (p. 229).

There is a fortunate sanity of temper and attitude flowing from the ground idea of "universal fellowship" in social relations which, while misrepresented and at times maligned, has kept the settlements close on the track of their quest of social betterment. Even when outbreaks of individual anarchists have driven the proud logicians into panic and grotesque absurdity, the settlement workers, and Miss Addams in particular, have emerged with signal credit. Even their hero-worship has been in a way transfigured by their guiding motive. Miss Addams confesses that, instead of Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero-Worship" which she had once purposed to give to young boys of promise, she actually presented Schurz's "Abraham Lincoln." Moreover, in retrospect as to "the actual attainment of these early hopes," she remarks, "so far as they have been realized at all, [they] seem to have come from men of affairs rather than from those given to speculation" (p. 193).

The various experiments of Hull House, its failures and triumphs, its inner life as well as its outer activities, are all set forth engagingly in this volume, with a surprising modesty as regards general scientific conclusions such as the professional sociologist would expect. Miss Addams has generally a direct way of putting things, and an enjoyment of humorous by-products. Occasionally, however, there is a note of wistful pathos—"the sense of universality thus imparted to that mysterious injustice, the burden of which we are all forced to bear and with which I have become only too familiar" (p. 27).

Miss Addams's narration of her visit to Tolstoy, and her appraisal of Tolstoyism, will be of particular interest at this juncture. The prophet in his peasant's garb glanced disapprovingly at her large sleeves which were then in vogue, and, "pulling out one sleeve to an interminable breadth, said quite simply that 'there was enough stuff on one arm to make a frock for a little girl' (p. 268). He would have said something similar about an historic alabaster box of ointment. Miss Addams is fortunate in her illustrator. There are an arresting power and a suggestive charm about some of the plates that entitle the artist to distinction.

The Literature of the South. By Montrose J. Moses. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $2.50 net.

It is significant—and ominous—that the recognized authorities on American and, more especially, on Southern literature have carefully refrained from attempting any such elaborate history of Southern literature as this well-printed volume is designed to be. Why they have refrained is quite apparent after one has read the present book. Mr. Moses has done a large amount of reading and he has brought together a mass of more or less valuable material, including a useful bibliography of twenty-four pages. His general point of view, which implies the treatment of literature as the product of social conditions, is admirable in principle. His judicial attitude toward such creative Southern literature as he can discover is praiseworthy. He is capable of warm, yet not undue, appreciation, as is shown in his sympathetic and pleasing chapter on the poets of the civil war. Yet one closes the volume with the conviction that the work was scarcely worth while, unless it was the writer's purpose to put it beyond all doubt that the literature of the South possesses as a whole insufficient æsthetic value to merit elaborate treatment apart from the general body of American literature.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Moses does not seem to meet a single one of the conditions entailed by his historical point of view. He often fails to give definite and well-ordered facts just where they are most needed (*e. g.*, in the case of Hugh S. Legaré); and the perplexed though honestly inquiring reader lays down the volume knowing little more in the way of detailed knowledge than when he took it up. Again, the statement of causes in the form of "social forces" is neither clear nor succinct. Finally, owing partly to poor arrangement of material, Mr. Moses fails, in our judgment, to establish the connection between his causes and his results.

To illustrate these defects is an easy task. Although one-third of the book is taken up with a consideration of the social conditions that are supposed to have produced Southern books and writers, the author is continually driven to acknowledge the extreme poverty of the resulting literature. The chapters on the Colonial period, amounting to eighty-seven pages, close with the anticlimactic admission that the period "produced nothing large in the South"; and that, so far as concerns the authors, "As Englishmen they came to see and as Englishmen they wrote" (pp. 86-87). The twelve pages devoted to Jefferson (pp. 130-142) deal with everything but his writings; and this is true of the treatment accorded to the South Carolina statesmen and to the orators of the civil war. Worse still, one is first astonished, then wearied, with the analysis of social conditions in the "New South." All this may belong to a treatise on present-day economics, but it seems sadly out of place in a history of literature. And when at last Mr. Moses actually abandons his judicial point of view and descends into the arena to do battle for his own opinions as against those of Mr. Cable (p. 435) and Mr. Dubois (p. 445), the reader's patience almost comes to an end.

This result would have been avoided in part if the writer had not massed and distributed his material so carelessly. Irrelevant matter is everywhere, and even misleading chapter headings are not lacking. For example, Chapter vi, Revolutionary Literature (pp. 142-159), has for its sole sub-heading Poetry and Poets, although the first twelve pages of the chapter treat writers of miscellaneous prose. Again, though chapters headed Social Forces deal in every other case solely with social conditions, Chapter xiii (pp. 295-338) devotes its last thirteen pages to specific literary criticism. And why is Lanier placed in the civil-war period? Superfluous digressions such as that on William and Mary College (p. 140); irrelevancies, such as the gentle admonition to Miss Glasgow (p. 463); inconsistencies, such as the including of Poe (Chapter xii) after he has been ruled out by definition, abound throughout the book.

Faulty structure, in conclusion, is supplemented by a worse than faulty style. Obscurity, turgidity, incoherence in sentence structure, and violations of usage occur in scores of passages. We are told, for example, that "We glean of Jefferson's position through his own writing, through the opinions of others" (p. 142). A hundred pages later we have the phrase, "redolent with savage uncouthness" (p. 240). Farther on we encounter such jargon as the following: "This digression from the logical sequence of literary development is purposely done to arrive at the conclusion that democratization, as it applies to literature, virtually means a deepening realization of social and economic con-

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ditions, and does not demand the relinquishment of environment" (p. 464). Such a style and such inability to handle the materials he is so well qualified to amass will render Mr. Moses's future work as disappointing as the present volume if he does not seek to remedy his defects as a writer.

The World of Homer. By Andrew Lang. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

Mr. Lang can more easily write a new book on the Homeric question than the reviewer of its predecessors can find a fresh formula with which to welcome it. He has not appreciably altered his opinions. The Iliad is in the main the work of one supreme poet working as Shakespeare and Scott did with preëxisting materials, and it presents a consistent picture of a coherent civilization. "The World of Homer" is the sub-Mycenæan world which burned its dead and piled cairns over their ashes, purchased its wives of their fathers for a bride price, wore the peplos fastened by a safety-pin, and, though it knew something of iron, still belonged to the age of bronze that preceded Ionia and the return of the Heracleidæ. Of so much Mr. Lang is certain. On other matters he preserves an open mind. He neither affirms nor denies that the Achæans were dolicho-blonds; and if, as many scholars have maintained, they were chivalric invaders from central Europe, he is willing to leave to ethnologists the determination of their precise connection with the autochthonous civilization of the Grecian peninsula. They may have brought the Greek language with them, or they may have learned it from the "Pelasgians."

If a critic were to object that a new volume is not needed to tell us this, Mr. Lang would reply that fresh archæological evidence accumulates rapidly, and that so long as the disintegrators persist in embodying their fallacies in big books, the philological world is out of joint and his facile pen is destined to set it and them right. In this he has our entire sympathy. No one, of course, can prove that any particular book, episode, or line of Homer may not be an interpolation. But the so-called scientific analysis of the Iliad has always been a pure bluff. On the linguistic and statistical side this bluff has recently been "called" by Professor Scott, Mr. Shewan, and Miss Stawell; and Mr. Lang does common sense a good service in reminding us once more how little support this pseudo-science receives either from sound archæology or sane literary criticism. He might have added that it usually brings bad luck and betrays its practitioners into mistranslation or misinterpretation of the text, as it does Professor Murray on pp. 144 and 217 of his "Rise of the Greek Epic," and even Miss Stawell when she ventures into this field (cf. *Nation*, Vol. xc, p. 189); but it would be invidious to multiply instances.

Two recent works have either escaped Mr. Lang's observation or have appeared since his book went to press. One is the admirable summary and dismissal of the Homeric question in the introductory chapter of Mr. Mackail's "Lectures on Greek Poetry." The other is Dr. Mülder's portentous volume on "Die Ilias und ihre Quellen," received with much applause in Germany. This book goes far to show that the Homeric question will remain a permanent phenomenon of pathological psychology. Mülder rejects as futile the past literature of disintegration and proclaims his belief in a real Homer. He then, with a sudden *volte-face*, reinstates the banished scholasticism and all its vicious methods by an attempt to demonstrate the precise way in which Homer worked up his material. For an illustration: when Hector's charioteer, struck in the temple by a stone from the hand of Patroclus, falls headlong from his chariot, Patroclus mockingly compares him to a man diving for "oysters." Mülder's critical *flair* detects here "what no scholar has ever observed before": the oysters, we are gravely told, *are* the charioteer's eyes, which he dives after as they lie on the ground, and Homer, working over the old story of the last battle of Patroclus, introduces the irrational use of a big stone as a weapon solely in order to knock out the eyes and so "place" his own special, original contribution, this horrid Teutonic *aperçu*. This, we think, fixes the high-water mark of Homeric philology. Mülder has "left no hyperbole for his successors," as Isocrates would put it. Mr. Lang may do justice to Mülder in his next book. We can only echo the schoolboy who translated Ὦ μοι ἐγών by "O my eye!"

China as I Saw It: A Woman's Letters from the Celestial Empire. By A. S. Roe. With 39 illustrations. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3 net.

It is a refreshment to discover that the author of these letters learned enough of the colloquial tongue to make the greater part of her trip through China without an interpreter. For a period of eighteen months, she lived in or wandered about the great triangle defined by the cities of Peking, Ch'entu, and Hangchow, visiting the Yangtse region and parts of three northern provinces, but leaving untouched the southern half of China proper. This itinerary does not perfectly satisfy the implication of the title that the author saw the whole Empire, but she at least refrains from those dangerous generalizations which spoil the accounts of many travellers. The reader who goes astray by applying what she says to the people of the South has himself to blame, for she tells us nothing of how that other half lives. The style is sufficiently fresh, and an occasional quaint phrase lifts her narrative above the level of monotony: at Shanghai the river "consists half of brown mud and half of brown boats"; there is a street in Kuei Fu "oozing with pedestrians"; the common cooking oil everywhere in evidence in China happily suggests "the musty odor of mouse-traps and black-beetles." The main impression which the author conveys is not, however, one of humorous portrayal; she emphasizes, rather, her sober interest in the land which she has come to study, and gets, on the whole, little fun out of the discomforts of travel. Not much is told us of the temples and tombs; politics are wholly ignored; the work of the missionaries—who were everywhere her hosts— is referred to with respect rather than with active sympathy.

The reader accustomed to works on China gets a fresh sense of the old order changing, even there where he finds that stock-in-trade of former travellers, the Examination Hall, described as a ruin, and the institution a thing of the past. But the new order does not impress the author as very firmly established:

> Side by side with the ruined cells stands the new government school, built of wood and plaster—new, showy, and unsubstantial. The thin wooden frames to doors and windows are painted a brilliant royal blue, the slender walls are of dazzling white, the buildings—chiefly one-story high and built round courts—look as fragile as bathing sheds. One asked one's self—how long would they last? And one thought of old China, rigid and unchanging through the centuries, and new China, starting like a growth of mushrooms in the night, breaking out in patches in unexpected places.

Upon returning from a summer spent in Japan, the author ventured alone by rail from Tientsin to Tai yuen, the capital of Shansi. Here is a Provincial "university" erected with money which Protestant missionaries refused to accept as indemnity for the Boxer massacres, besides schools and colleges of sorts. More than four thousand students are trained in the new learning in this city alone. Female education, though bravely started here, is not yet on the same plane with that imparted to boys, instruction in foreign languages being especially hard to obtain, owing to the lack of qualified teachers. It was, perhaps, for this reason that Miss Roe was allowed to take a class for a few weeks in her friend's school, after which experience she has this to say of her pupils:

> There is a great charm about these Chinese girls with their dainty, courteous ways and dark eyes which light up merrily at the least encouragement. But everything in China has its surprises, and the gentle

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little school-girls are no exception to the rule. My hostess once planned to give them a treat on her birthday. They were to choose what it was to be. Picture to yourself those dainty little maidens had but one wish—they wanted to go to the execution ground to see the beheading!

On the whole, though we are not brought into very intimate contact with the people, we leave these pages with an agreeable impression of the Chinese, not only as a shrewd and mightily laborious folk, but as an alert and kindly folk, lacking but one quality to make them great, and that quality is moral character.

Notes

The index of the *Nation*, July 1 to December 31, will be printed with the issue of January 5.

Richard G. Badger is to publish at once "The Individual and Society," by James Mark Baldwin. At the present moment Professor Baldwin is in Mexico, delivering the opening series of lectures at the New National University of Mexico.

"The Burial of Olympia," the subject to which the *Geographical Journal* for December gives the largest space, is a study of the present conditions of the city famous for its worship of athletics, by Ellsworth Huntington. With the Yale Expedition he visited it in September, 1909, and after careful observation of the ruins and the neighboring region came to the conclusion that its burial, synonymous as it were with the decay of Greece, was due to pulsatory climatic changes such as he had discovered in central Asia, and to malaria. The absolute correctness of this theory was questioned by a number of eminent scientists in the animated and lengthy discussion of the paper when read before the Royal Geographical Society, and much light was thrown upon this interesting problem. P. A. Talbot describes an extraordinary tribe, the Ekoi of southern Nigeria, among whom he, as member of the government service, was the first white man to live. He describes them as among the happiest people on earth, one reason for which is possibly the charming superstition which "forbids all quarrelling in a house where there are little children. The latter, so they say, love sweet words, kind looks, and gentle voices, and if these are not to be found in the family into which they have reincarnated, they will close their eyes and forsake the earth, till a chance offers to return again amid less quarrelsome surroundings."

Perhaps the recent discovery of the North Pole explains the convenient reprint of Lord Dufferin's "Letters from High Latitudes" (Frowde), though without any such particular occasion their inclusion in the "World's Classics" would scarcely be disputed. There is in the account of this voyage of half a century ago an angle of human interest and picturesqueness which contrasts pleasantly with the stricter science expected in authentic records today. Lord Dufferin possessed something of the capacity for observation of that earlier traveller, Sir Walter Raleigh, and more than his restraint, and gave out to the world a vast amount of impressions concerning the countries where his little schooner yacht touched, especially Iceland. The introduction to the present volume by R. W. Macon, master of University College, Oxford, is the frankest eulogy, yet interesting, too.

The Third Volume of H. O. Sommer's "Vulgate Version of the Arthurian Romances" (Carnegie Institution) contains part i of the famous Old French prose-romance, "Lancelot del Lac." This is the third member of the so-called Walter Map, or Vulgate, cycle of the Arthurian romances—the cycle which Dr. Sommer is engaged in publishing—and it is much the longest, being equal in bulk (approximately) to all the rest put together. The editor intends issuing this romance in three parts (including the "Agravain"), and the whole will not fall far short of being double the length of "David Copperfield." To be sure, it is hardly the work of a single hand. As was explained in our notice (May 26, 1910) of the first two volumes of this publication, Dr. Sommer's edition is merely a printed transcript of the British Museum MS. Additional 10292-4, with occasional collations from other MSS. In the present volume these collations are much more meagre than in the previous volumes. Nevertheless, this third volume is of very superior interest to the first and second—containing respectively the "Estoire del Saint Graal" and the "Merlin"—for no text of the "Lancelot" has been printed since the sixteenth century, which was not true of the two romances just mentioned. Only time will show whether the MS. used by Dr. Sommer is one of the better MSS. of this work. It is a reasonable conjecture, however, that the large collection of MSS. of the prose romances in the libraries at Paris—much the largest in the world—will be found to contain the best text of the "Lancelot" as well as of the other branches of the cycle. In the case of the "Lancelot" it is known that the MSS. show very material variations.

As regards the intrinsic interest of the present romance, one must confess that, despite the unparalleled reputation which it enjoyed in the Middle Ages, it is not easy reading for the twentieth century man—much less easy than the admirable modernization by Paulin Paris, which has rendered the main outlines of the story familiar to students of mediæval literature for the past thirty years or more. The endless fighting and the absurd extravagances of the *amour courtois*, which constitute so large a part of the book, weary the modern reader. After making these deductions, however, we still have in this romance an interesting reflection of feudal society in war and in peace. The narrative of the wars of Claudas leaves one with a vivid impression of feudal strife—its confusion and its violent contrasts of treachery and loyalty—and it would be hard to point to more charmingly tender pictures of childhood than we have here in the early histories of Lancelot and Lionel. On the other hand, the account of Lancelot's love-affair with Guinevere is stiff and artificial with the artifice of the "Courts of Love." But for the author of the "Mort Artu," who breathed into the two lovers something of the passion of their great originals—Tristan and Iseult—it is safe to say that their story would not be still a living one, as it is, in the modern world. The Middle Ages, however, were not conscious of the above-mentioned defects, and the scene—contained in this volume—in which Lancelot first kisses Guinevere has been rendered forever memorable by the greatest poet of the period in the incomparable episode of Paolo and Francesca.

A country with a most unique political status is Sarawak, situated in the northwestern portion of Borneo. Although it is nominally an independent state, governed by its Rajah, Sir Charles Brooke, as an absolute monarchy, with an administrative council, it is at the same time under British protection. S. Baring-Gould and C. A. Bampfylde, late resident of Sarawak, have recently produced as collaborators a readable volume entitled "A History of Sarawak under its Two White Rajahs" (London: Henry Sotheran & Co.). The story reads like a fairy tale. Sir James Brooke, the first rajah, was born at Benares, in India, in April, 1803, and was the son of an Englishman in the employ of the East India Company's Civil Service. While he was on a yachting tour in Malaya, Brooke visited Sarawak, and later aided its weak native governor in suppressing an insurrection; in return he was made Rajah and Governor of Sarawak, a feudatory province of Brunei. Rajah Brooke gained the good will of the natives, steadily strengthened his position, brought about various territorial accessions, and succeeded in forcing the Sultan of Brunei to bequeath to him the governorship of Sarawak in perpetual right. He immediately set himself to the task of putting the government of his state on a sound footing, of reorganizing the revenue system, suppressing piracy and head-hunting, and bringing about peace and freedom from oppression. In his policy and actions Sir James Brooke was guided by no personal ambition, the great desire of his heart having been the amelioration of the lot of the oppressed natives whom he came to love. His services as Rajah, instead of enriching, left their author "broken by illness and weariness of heart, with threatening poverty." He died in 1868, after twenty-seven years as ruler, leaving behind him "one of the noblest records of a life devoted to the cause of humanity." The present Rajah, Sir Charles Brooke, is a nephew of the first Rajah, and has administered the state since the death of his uncle, nearly half a century ago. The guiding principle of his policy has been sympathy between the ruled and the rulers, with the result that the wheels of government run with a singular smoothness. Mr. Alleyne Ireland, who was sent out from the United States by the University of Chicago to study British and other tropical colonies, published in 1905 his preliminary report, wherein, after commenting severely on the methods adopted in the Philippines by the United States, he turned to Sawarak as offering a sharp contrast. He declared that in no other country which he had ever visited were there to be observed "so many signs of a wise and generous rule, such abundant indications of good government, as are to be seen on every hand in Sarawak."

Walter G. Shotwell's "Life of Charles Sumner" (Crowell), though compressed by means of thin paper into a manageable volume, is in reality of considerable compass,

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extending as it does to more than three hundred and twenty thousand words. For readers who wish an abundance of personal details, old-fashioned summaries of writings and speeches, and a general tone of unquestioning approval, the book should prove eminently acceptable. The narrative shows intelligent use of Pierce's "Memoir," and acquaintance, often intimate, with the Massachusetts politics of the time. Unfortunately, however, for the historian, Mr. Shotwell's point of view is so exclusively that of Sumner that the critical value of the work is slight. Only once or twice does he seek to defend Sumner against imputation or animadversion, and then only at quite unimportant points, while of "apparatus" there is none, not even a footnote. There is no indication that the author, any more than the man whose life he writes, understands the real nature of negro slavery, or the causes of secession, or the profound political issues involved in reconstruction. It is, indeed, curious that, a generation after Sumner's death, it should be thought worth while to offer the public a biography which, however meritorious as a piece of orderly narration, is historically no more enlightened than Sumner himself might have written had he framed his own Apologia.

"Italian Fantasies" (Macmillan), by Israel Zangwill, is a highly colored book written largely in neo-Carlylese. The author is for the full emotional flavor, and quite frankly scorns those writers who deal in tinctures. He summons up what he loves to call the "Magnificences," accosts them, buffets them when they need it. He is best, it seems to us, in rather simple description, as in the essay on the Gonzaga Palace at Mantua; he is most characteristic when he muses cosmically on life and death, anent the Naples Aquarium, or overhears the gossip of the carpenter's family concerning Jesus. Machiavelli, Lucrezia Borgia, Dante, St. Francis, are among the biographical topics. For your reviewer almost everything seems shockingly overwritten. But tastes differ, and Mr. Zangwill's style and favorite doctrine may be judged from an extract that represents him favorably:

> Only less arrogant [than seeking "impressions" of nations] is it to place one's soul in patronizing "Appreciation" before some great historic structure—a cathedral, a mosque, a palace, a library. These works of man so immensely transcend any man's works that he fits into them as ludicrously as a mouse. A cathedral that represents the genius and labors and sacrifices of generations towers so immensely out of all proportion to any individual that he can only recover a reasonable relation to it by fusing himself into the life and stature of the race. To be solely concerned with its impingement upon his own soul is an impertinence, to pass his life in contriving such impingements is to live by robbery, and to enjoy these secular products of human solidarity on the Paterian pretext that the only reality is the fleeting and isolated Ego, is peculiarly paradoxical.

Many readers will, with us, on the whole, approve the sentiment, while preferring rather to take the chances with the isolated ego of Pater than with Mr. Zangwill vociferously "fusing himself with the life and stature of the race." It is doubtful if an immoderate person can understand Italy. Getting excited about Italy is a different matter. It may be symptomatic that the single illustration in this volume, a good color print after Stefano da Zevio's Madonna of the Rose Garden, reproduces the least Italian picture ever painted by an Italian artist.

"The Favourites of Henry of Navarre" (Badger), by Le Petit Homme Rouge, covers wide historical ground, gathers together a number of facts hitherto not accessible in one volume, gives the authorities upon both sides of disputed questions, and with admirable impartiality sums up the five women—Marguérite de Valois, Corisanda (Diane, Duchess of Gramont), Gabrielle D'Estrées, Henriette D'Entragues, and Marie de' Medici—most closely associated with Henry's life. At the same time he sketches briefly the almost numberless women with whom Henry had ephemeral *liaisons*, and crowds his pages with persons not familiar to the general reader. The author writes pleasantly enough, though his time-worn trick of taking the reader into his confidence with, "We will now return," or, "As we shall see further on," soon becomes irritating, but through the very scope of his effort to be at once accurate and comprehensive, his book falls between two stools. It is too sketchy for the serious student; the reader familiar with French history will find in it little that is new except a few unimportant facts concerning Henry's various mistresses, and those who do not know French history will be confused by the accumulation of facts, events, dates, and authorities, compressed into one volume, and made less clear by the author's failure to arrange them in logical sequence. He also fails to make his men and women live for us, except Henry himself, whom (alas for Ivry and the oriflamme of war!) we see very vividly—a gross, uncleanly creature. The book is illustrated with six portraits, is well indexed, and has carefully prepared footnotes, and an appendix containing the names of the women associated with Henry's life, the names of his natural children and their descendants, and two songs attributed to him.

Dr. Delos F. Wilcox, in "Great Cities in America" (Macmillan) considers the organization of government in Washington, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, and Boston. Charter change is now going on so rapidly in this country that any fresh collection of data is valuable, but it is one thing to gather facts, and another thing to interpret their significance. Dr. Wilcox tells about "the political pirates in control of the city administration" of Philadelphia, and in his summary of conditions in great cities he observes that "everywhere are proofs of extravagance, waste, and downright thievery." If one asks why, the answer that Dr. Wilcox's work seems to give is that there is a peculiar depravity of human nature in American cities. He intimates that this is to be attributed to immigration, remarking that "the presence of the children of so many nations in one community offers the greatest obstacle to the municipal salvation of the great cities of this country." But is there a marked influx of immigrants from any country lacking decent municipal institutions, and is there a great city in the world that does not have a mixed population? Sounder analysis might discover that the American defect is rather in the character of the institutions than in the character of the people living under them.

"The Humane Movement," by Roswell C. McCrea (The Columbia University Press), is a descriptive survey of the work and methods of humane societies. The matter includes programmes of lectures, a directory of names of officers of societies, names of special policemen employed, sample educational leaflets, etc. The bibliography is also strikingly comprehensive, ranging from children's books of animal stories to such weighty treatises as Hobhouse's "Mind in Evolution" and Wassman's "Comparative Studies in the Psychology of Ants and Higher Animals." In the chapter on anti-vivisection a quotation is made from a prize essay to the effect that it does not matter how vivisection may be restricted or what scientific gains may accrue, the taking of life is a sin and should be condemned as such. "It would be better indeed to die of lockjaw, diphtheria, tuberculosis, cancer, scrofula, or all combined, than to be responsible for such offence." Under the head of "bird protection," statistics are cited to the effect that 200,000,000 bird lives are sacrificed annually to supply the demands of fashion, but it does not appear that this inspires such a degree of indignation as in the case of a small sacrifice of life for the advancement of medical science. The gist of State laws for the protection of children and of animals is given in a tabulated synopsis difficult to follow and really not economical of space. Within the 110 pages thus occupied on a system resulting in numerous blank compartments, it would have been feasible to have given a codified statement of the laws themselves.

"How to Judge a Book" (Houghton), by Edwin L. Shuman, is described with sufficient accuracy by its sub-title, "a handy method of criticism for the general reader." Mr. Shuman believes that it differs from other volumes of similar purpose by respecting "the right of every individual to shape his reading primarily by his own tastes, rather than by the dictates of any other man's taste, however enlightened." He believes, furthermore, that the general reader is primarily interested in contemporary fiction. Accordingly, a large part of his book is occupied with an analysis and valuation of the constituent elements of fiction, with numerous applications to contemporary writers. Except for his recommendation to begin with one's interests and work upward to the masterpieces, instead of beginning with the masterpieces and working downward to one's interests, he proposes nothing especially novel or debatable.

Like a voice from the thirteenth century is Comte de Colleville's "Un Crime du Second Empire: le Guet-Apens de Castelfidardo" (Paris: F. Juven). In it the aged Legitimist relates with mediæval fervor the formation and ignominious snuffing out of the Papal army, which the fanatic Mérode organized in 1860 and the boastful turncoat Lamoricière led to defeat at Castelfidardo and Ancona. Colleville's thesis is that the Papalists were betrayed by Napoleon III into believing that he would not allow the Italians to attack their nondescript army. The count, who is an immovable Ultramontane, brings no new proof to support his insinuation; but perhaps his

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own display of pious zeal is the best historical contribution in his book. He and a few of his friends evidently took seriously Lamoricière's declaration that they were crusaders defending the Pope against new Islamites, to wit, the people of Italy.

The merit of W. Cunningham's "Christianity and Social Questions" (Scribner) is a clear understanding of the nature of the Christian religion, and a firm belief that Christian organizations for social betterment must hold to Christian principles and methods. Dr. Cunningham's chapters on "Mundane Theocracies" and "Non-Christian Methods of Reform" are specially to the point. He insists that the task of the church is a spiritual one, and can be accomplished only by spiritual strength and through spiritual means. His presentation of the case against what is termed Christian Socialism is a strong one. At all points his reasoning is cogent, and he possesses abundant mastery of facts, as might be expected from his earlier volumes on "Western Civilization in its Economic Aspects" and "Growth of English Industry and Commerce." The present volume he defines as "an attempt to set forth, from a Christian standpoint, the relative importance of all the forces which make for human welfare, or militate against it."

In his medley of reminiscences of his pastorate of the American Church at Berlin from 1894 to 1908, Dr. J. F. Dickie presents a curious example of ex-cathedra optimism running riot in literature. Nearly everything is lovely in Berlin, and nearly everybody with whom the author comes in contact is perfect; hence "In the Kaiser's Capital" (Dodd) ought to satisfy his Imperial Majesty, to whom the volume is by permission dedicated. We are gravely told that "there is nothing he (the Emperor) touches that he does not adorn" (witness a six-page sermon at sea quoted in full); "whoever has looked at close range into that eye never ceases to admire and marvel"; the Empress is "that noblest of all women"; and even for the Jew-baiter, Stoecker, Dr. Dickie has a kind word after his funeral: "it was universally acknowledged that a great man had gone home to God." And so we need not be surprised that even certain sinister aspects of the Thiergarten lose all sombreness in the eyes of the genial doctor. "When one has grown weary of the weight of life and wishes to throw it back to God who gave it, out to the Thiergarten he goes and shoots himself there. It is red with the blood-spots of many a suicide, and yet kind Nature washes out the stains . . . The gladsome faces of the riders as they gallop past you in groups effectually vanish (sic) every dreary thought, and the Thiergarten has only pleasant associations." Perhaps the severest censure of which the author's kind heart is capable is reserved for a deplorable feminine weakness which crops out in connection with the Berlin registration office. "I have known," Dr. Dickie remarks sadly, "matrons of seventy or unmarried ladies of a similar age to give themselves out as forty-five or, at most, fifty." The book contains a number of anecdotes of distinguished men—the bright sayings recorded, including the author's own, always come "quick as a flash"—but the authenticity of at least one of them is open to question:

At a little dinner where the Emperor was present Harnack was placed between two young American ladies. They were sisters, and I heard him tell this story: "Once before I was placed between two sisters. Their name was Hagen. I noticed that the name of the one was A. Hagen, and the name of the other was C. Hagen. My host came up to me afterwards and said that he hoped that the young ladies and I had had a good time together. I answered in one of the few *bon mots* I have made in my life—'between A. Hagen and C. Hagen I found B. Hagen (*Behagen, i. e.*, comfort and pleasure).'"

This story has often and often been told. It refers to the Hagen sisters, charming actresses who flourished more than half a century ago. The *bon mot* is generally credited to the Vienna actor and wit, Friedrich Beckmann.

Robert Lynd's "Home Life in Ireland" (McClurg) does not pretend to be scientific; it is a series of desultory and pleasantly written essays on the Irish people, their characteristics, and their lives. The author is an Ulster man, so that he is more interested in the industrial than the agricultural problems of his country, but he is an ardent Home Ruler, and an admirer of the Sinn Féin movement, to which he devotes a chapter. The Sinn Féin policy is to unite all Irishmen, whether Unionists or Nationalists, for Irish ends. They are invited by the Sinn Féin, as Dean Swift invited them in the eighteenth century, to boycott English goods. "Burn everything that comes from England," said Swift, "except the coals and the people." The strength of Sinn Féin seems to lie in having a non-political as well as a political side, though one cannot imagine that a Sinn Féin enthusiast would long remain a Unionist. Mr. Lynd thinks that the Sinn Féin school of Nationalism is the one with which the future will have to reckon. He admires the work of the Gaelic League, and believes that the revival of that language is essential for Ireland's regeneration. The book is attractively got up and well illustrated from photographs of scenes of Irish peasant life.

The annual statement of the *Deutsche Zentralstelle für Internationalen Briefwechsel*, the object of which is to promote a regular interchange of letters between the pupils of the German and those of the French, British, and American schools, announces that it has during the past year received for distribution from German students 3,139 registrations, 2,012 of which were in English, and 1,127 in French, making a total since the foundation of the bureau in 1897 of 31,392. A marked increase in the number of English letters is noted. There is bitter complaint that the number of French schoolgirls who are studying German is hopelessly inadequate to the task of coping with the epistolary ardor of the French-learning *mädchen*; they, as well as the French-speaking Swiss and Belgians, are all too busy learning English. It has been difficult, too, to find enough students in Great Britain who are willing to write German letters. In fact, the whole enterprise would have fared badly, if it had not been for the extraordinarily lively interest in the German language among the high schools of North America. German students have been fairly put to their trumps to muster a sufficient number of English replies. The bureau complains that it finds it hard to decipher German script when written by an American hand, and that the ambiguity of American baptismal names makes it difficult to tell the girls from the boys, a matter of some importance in an enterprise of this kind. A number of letters from teachers and students point out the merits of the scheme. A pupil, by sending his name through his teacher to *Die Deutsche Zentralstelle für Internationalen Briefwechsel*, Fechnerstrasse 6, Leipzig, may obtain the "Rules" for a two-cent stamp. Membership costs six cents (international money order), and for an adult, fifteen cents. Those desiring French correspondence should address *Review of Reviews*, Bank Buildings, Kingsway, London, W. C.

Adams Sherman Hill, professor of rhetoric and oratory in Harvard from 1876 to 1904, and since then emeritus professor, died at his home in Boston, December 26. Dr. Hill was born in Boston in 1833, and graduated at Harvard in 1853, receiving a degree from the law school two years later For thirteen years he acted as law reporter, correspondent, and editor in Washington, New York, and Chicago, and was then called to Harvard. His books are: "Principles of Rhetoric" (1878), "Our English" (1889), "Foundations of Rhetoric" (1892), and "Beginning of Rhetoric and Composition" (1903).

Science

Edison, His Life and Inventions. By F. L. Dyer and T. C. Martin. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Bros. $4.

The authors announce this biography as the authentic and authorized life of Mr. Edison, and, being intimate associates of the inventor, they have had his constant assistance during its preparation. Few men have been subjected to more searching and contrary criticism; on the one hand, he is hailed as a wizard before whose spell the doors of the temple of nature open wide to disclose the mysteries of the universe; on the other hand, he is sneered at as a charlatan, who has gathered about him able and unsophisticated young men and then appropriated their achievements. He is, of course, neither the one nor the other; many failures record the difficulty of dominating natural forces, and for his successes he has always provided the ideas which have been put into practicable shape by himself and his associates.

There are two types of the inventor. The first is the man who guards jealously his ideas and works them out in isolation; the results of such a method may be of the highest importance, but they must depend less on the complexity of detail than on the novelty of the idea; the other type, of which Edison is certainly our most distinguished example, takes the scientific and philosophic ideas of the time and develops them on a large scale for practical and commercial use. A glance at Edison's most important achievements shows them to be almost exclusively of this latter charac-

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ter. The scientific principles of the telegraph, the telephone, the phonograph, the electric light and dynamo, the separation of iron ore by magnets, the manufacture of cement, and the many other problems which have engaged his attention had been discovered and described by others, but they all lacked the touch which has adapted them to a large and practical use. It is evident that no man can carry out such complex undertakings unaided; he can only direct the computations and experiments to be made by a corps of assistants, reserving for himself critical and decisive manipulations. Such a method of work will always arouse criticism; in literature Dumas used the same plan, but it is significant that when the master mind was removed the Dumas novel ceased, and the same will be true when Edison releases his guiding hand.

It is quite safe to say that no man has modified so profoundly the material civilization of his age as Edison. He has with an unerring instinct been able to see the practical possibilities which lie in scientific discoveries. He is a great reader and, with the aid of a retentive memory, he coördinates to his purpose many apparently unrelated laws and facts of science. Added to these advantages, he has a patience and industry which are truly astonishing. Nothing is more extraordinary than the power of continuous application, without rest and sleep, which he has enjoyed and practised, together with the curious influence of personality that can excite others to sustained effort beyond their natural inclination.

But this book does not owe its principal interest to a description of invention and mechanical developments. The subject of the biography has an individuality so strong and so unusual that we follow his career with the keenest attention. From the time of his early boyhood, when he started a chemical laboratory in the baggage car of the train on which he sold papers, through his struggles and wanderings as a telegraph operator, and during his later experiences as an inventor and master of great industries, his whole life is a record of a unique personality. Life presents itself to such a man in an aspect quite out of the ordinary, and its story gives us the same kind of pleasure as the drama or novel.

"The Gait of the American Trotter and Pacer" (Jenkins), by Rudolf Jordan, jr., is a painstaking, serious study. The object of the book is to ascertain just what a horse does with his legs when he is moving. That, at any rate, is the scientific purpose. The practical purpose is to inquire into the sorts of shoeing best suited to different gaits; that is, admitting that the varieties of conformation and action in horses are infinite and that each horse is a law unto itself, the author seeks for certain underlying principles of motion and shoeing which are applicable to all horses. He proposes a method for studying the tracks of horses, which is to drive a horse over a cultivated field provided with proper measurements, the details of which are too complicated to explain in a mere word. The book is often rather vaguely expressed. Much is said, for instance, of "pointing," by which is meant, we suppose, the direction of the feet with relation to the direction of the horses. But there is no definition. We are, however, not disposed to find fault with so earnest and conscientious an inquiry; it is addressed chiefly to horsemen.

Prof. R. P. Williams has had very extensive experience in teaching chemistry. It is to be doubted, however, if all the claims made by him in the preface of his "Essentials of Chemistry, Experimental, Descriptive, Theoretical" (Ginn) are substantiated. Undoubtedly, he has accumulated a large amount of material, but teachers of chemistry in these days have found it wise to omit much that has been given in the past. Pedagogic methods do not now call for the inclusion of out-of-date methods in a modern text, just as we now no longer speak of electrical phenomena in terms current in the days of Faraday and Davy. Except for the half-dozen pictures of *famous chemists*, the illustrations in the book are of little or no use and often mean nothing. It is to be regretted that the author has perpetuated the erroneous statement that Drummond invented the limelight (p. 60). The student is also likely to get a thoroughly wrong impression from the definition of a base given on page 138, where it is stated that a base turns red litmus blue. He might conclude that anything which turns red litmus blue must be a base, whereas it is well known that several normal salts produce this change in color. On page 187 it is noted that nearly one million tons of sulphuric acid are made in the United States each year. These figures are about ten years old. The book is backward, too, in having no mention in the index of radium and radioactive phenomena.

Capt. George Ernest Shelley, the distinguished ornithologist, nephew of the poet, died recently at Bournemouth. His publications are "Birds of Egypt" (1872), "Monograph of the Nectariniidæ" (1880), and "Birds of Africa" (1896).

Drama

"William Rowley, His 'All's Lost by Lust,' and 'A Shoemaker, a Gentleman,' with an Introduction on Rowley's Place in the Drama," by Charles Wharton Stork (Publications of the University of Pennsylvania), grapples with one of the most difficult problems of the Elizabethan drama. With only four extant plays wherein Rowley's name stands alone on the title-page, to furnish a standard of his characteristics, and with the knowledge that he had a hand in a great many other plays, one might well be discouraged from this Psyche-like task of sorting out his work. Yet, if Dr. Stork has misgivings, he never betrays them, and, once started, does not look back. The results of his study are scarcely convincing. His method may be observed from the following passage. Speaking of "A Fair Quarrel," which early records stamp as the joint work of Middleton and Rowley, he states confidently:

My analysis of the play agrees, scene for scene, with that of Miss Wiggin, who gives Middleton the main plot, excepting I and III, 2, and Rowley the minor plot. Rowley's rapidity of dramatic movement made him the more suitable of the two to write the opening scene. Act III, scene 2, I give to Rowley, because of the primitive womanliness of Anne, who is most gentle and winsome, qualities quite foreign to Middleton's heroines, etc.

Any one who has happened to make a study of this problem will no doubt examine Dr. Stork's statistics of his impressions with considerable interest. More than that, by the very nature of the case, they do not deserve to be called. Included in the volume is the text of the two plays mentioned in the title, the first play having been recently reprinted for the Belles-Lettres series; the second is based upon the only known edition of 1638. Both plays are accompanied by brief textual notes.

It is a relief to find that of the recent works of Germany's much-discussed actor-author, Frank Wedekind, at least one, "Der Stein der Weisen" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.), is not sex-ridden, as his writing is wont to be. It is a one-act play in verse, called an incantation, and is introduced Shaw-fashion by a bit of personal history. For the author tells us that it owes its inception to a controversy with the *Berliner Tageblatt* which had employed an offensive phrase in rejecting some of his work. Accused of self-adoration Wedekind was reminded of the words of Ibsen, and resolved to sit in judgment upon himself. The result was Basilius Valentinus, a necromancer, in which he attempts to reflect his own personality with a few touches reminiscent of Faust. There is also a *famulus*, Leonhard, who reminds one of Wagner, besides another itinerant scholar named von Blutenburg. The little play contains more original ideas than the prose plays of the author. The figure of Porphyrius, the monk, who has come to deliver the papal ban, is, of course, a caricature; but Guendolin, the fool, who stands for humor, is a delightful impersonation. Basil is wont to call him whenever beset with annoyances that sap his strength; but even the fool, like the *famulus*, rebels against the cruel task-master. Although Basil parts with the philosopher's stone to bribe him, Guendolin wounds the master with his own bow and arrow and leaves him, taking the stone as a cap ornament. At Basil's death, Porphyrius, who has been his prisoner, makes escape. When Leonhard reappears and finds himself released from bondage, he sets out to enjoy his freedom by taking unto himself a wife and rearing children—a genuine bit of Wedekind irony.

A still later play of Wedekind's returns to his favorite theme. "In allen Wassern gewaschen" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.) is a one-act tragedy presenting an extraordinary phase of that trade which has been the subject of recent investigation in this country. There is a variety of cleverly drawn characters, among them the agent Salzmann. The woman in the case is of unusual intelligence, but hopelessly infatuated with a bankrupt sovereign, whose throne she hopes to save. The American nabob who figures in the transaction has, however, nothing American about him, unless his monstrous name, Chagnaral Tschamper from Atakama, is meant to suggest the ra-

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cial conglomerate of America's population. In repulsiveness the work surpasses anything so far achieved by the radical wing of Young Germany. In comparison Wedekind's earlier works are Puritan in spirit and speech. He may have had an ethical motive in writing it, just as he had in his tragedy of adolescence, "Frühlings Erwachen" ("Spring's Awakening"), which is available in a poor English translation. When Brandes called Wedekind the Mephisto among the writers of his generation, he certainly came nearer summarizing in one word the salient traits of Wedekind's individuality than did the French critic who regards him as a moralist. For there is probably no other writer in Germany to-day who takes such a diabolical delight in obscuring his ethical motives by a more than brutal frankness and an insistent undernote of cynicism.

Music

HUMPERDINCK'S NEW OPERA.

For the second time within a few weeks, the Metropolitan Opera House has had the honor of establishing the traditions for a new European opera. Time was when such traditions were not regarded as worth having, a conspicuous instance being that of Wagner rehearsing his "Tannhäuser" in Paris, raising the dust on the stage in stamping the correct time, to which the conductor paid no attention whatever. We have changed all that. Just as Giacomo Puccini came all the way from Italy to make sure that the music of "The Girl of the Golden West" was taken in exact accordance with his intentions, so Engelbert Humperdinck has been here from Germany a month, advising Alfred Hertz and the singers in regard to details of the execution of his "Königskinder." He will do the same thing in Berlin and some of the other German cities in which the novelty is to be produced forthwith; but nowhere else will he find artists so able to give points, as well as take them, as here, where his cast includes Geraldine Farrar, Louise Homer, Hermann Jadlowker, Otto Goritz, and Albert Reiss, all of whom, at the dress rehearsal, on which this report is based, showed their best powers.

Though new as an opera, "Königskinder" is not altogether a novelty. After the extraordinary success (1893) of his fairy opera—"Hänsel and Gretel"—a success comparable only to that of "Cavalleria Rusticana," or of "Pinafore"—it was taken for granted that Humperdinck would at once produce another opera. Instead of doing so, he began to write incidental music to plays. One of these plays was "Königskinder," by "Ernst Rosmer," which is the assumed name of Frau Max Bernstein of Munich, whose father, Heinrich Porges, was Wagner's Boswell, and one of his principal aids at the production of "Parsifal" in Bayreuth (1882). He was called there the "Blumenvater" because he was responsible for the good musical behavior of the flower girls in the second act of that work. Humperdinck was another important helper at that festival, and by an odd coincidence he, also, had assisted in training the flower girls, having been sent to them separately by Wagner in the cities where they lived, to convey his directions before they went to Bayreuth. These details help to explain why not only the music of "Königskinder," but the play also has an unmistakable Wagnerian flavor. This was already noticeable when this work was produced as a melodrama, with incidental music, and it is emphasized in the opera, in which the composer has expanded these incidental numbers and added to them much new matter.

Humperdinck followed a correct instinct in converting this melodrama into an opera. When spoken words and music go together, the music obscures the words and the words jar on the musical sense. Schumann, Richard Strauss, Max Schillings, and other prominent composers have tried to wed music to plain words, but never with success. In the case of "Königskinder" the conversion of the play into an opera was distinctly called for, because the story really demands musical treatment. It is one of the best plays ever written by a woman, being not only well constructed, but remarkably clever as an imitation "Märchen." It is, indeed, so much like the typical fairy tale that one naturally looks over one's copy of Grimm—and then of Andersen—in the firm conviction that it must be in one of these books; but though there are tales of King's children and goosegirls in them, they are not like Ernst Rosmer's. Her goosegirl is an enchanted princess living in the pine forest with a sorceress, who vainly tries to teach her the arts of witchcraft. The girl exercises them, however, in her own way, over a prince who comes along. He tries to elope with her, but magic bonds prevent her from leaving. A Woodcutter, a Broommaker, and a Fiddler from the town of Hellabrun come to consult the witch as to the best way of getting a successor to their late king. She tells them to take for their sovereign the first person entering the town-gate at the stroke of twelve, and allows the goosegirl to go with the Fiddler. The next day, when the gates are opened, it is she, with her flock of geese, who appears, to the indignation of the townspeople, who drive her away, together with the Prince, who, disguised as a swineherd, had knelt before her and put his crown on her head. He now tries to find his kingdom again, but they go astray in the forest, dwell for a time in a cave, and finally, in a storm, having found the witch's abode and eaten some poisoned cake left by her, die and are buried under a shroud of snow before the townspeople and their children, having at last become enlightened, find them.

Humperdinck is totally unlike the other prominent opera composers of the day. To him melody and emotion are the main elements in an opera, as no one who has heard "Hänsel and Gretel" need be told. The new score is fashioned along the same lines, the vocal melody being simple—sometimes like a folktune—while the orchestral score is of Wagnerian texture and beauty. Unlike Strauss and Debussy, who make dissonance the rule and consonance the exception, he uses dissonance only when it is called for by a discord in the plot or dialogue. An essay might be written on the difference this makes in the effect of the music; for one thing, it restores the thrill of modulation, which has always been one of the most powerful engines of emotion, but which becomes inert if the key is changed in every bar. The preponderance of euphony over cacophony also affects the orchestral coloring, which, in "Königskinder," is often of ravishing beauty. That Humperdinck understands the art of building a climax is repeatedly attested; even in "Hänsel and Gretel" there is nothing more effective than the music which, when the gates open, hovers like a halo about the princely goosegirl. Of absolute musical invention there is perhaps less than in "Hänsel and Gretel"; but as compared with Puccini's latest score, "Königskinder" is a well of melody undefiled. It will help to perpetuate the name of the creator of a new kind of music drama, the fairy opera.

One of the most interesting features of the MacDowell Club Christmas festival, held at the Plaza on Monday evening of last week, was the singing of rare old English madrigals and carols by a choir of twenty-five solo voices from the MacDowell chorus, under the direction of Mr. Kurt Schindler. Mr. Schindler is a connoisseur in the field of musical research, and music-lovers will not soon forget the concert of old French madrigals given by him last winter. The sixteenth and seventeenth century English madrigals, which had their first production here last Monday, proved no less interesting than the French; most of them were collected by Mr. Schindler in England last summer from various sources. The MacDowell choir will also assist at the Philharmonic concerts of January 3 and 6, when all the pieces on the programme will be by French composers, and the soloist the eminent Parisian operatic tenor, Edmond Clément. The full choir includes one hundred and fifty picked singers, and it has, in the short time of its existence, come to occupy an important place in the musical life of this city, much like the St. Cecilia Club of Boston, which is now under the Boston Symphony management.

Josef Hofmann is quoted as saying that "an artist does not go to Berlin to be heard, but to be criticised."

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The organizer of a series of Sunday concerts in a Southern city sends us a set of five programmes, containing nothing but the most serious music by the great masters, including arias of sacred music. "I am sorry to say," he writes, "that the ministers, in their fear of an open Sunday, are trying to stop us. Think of it! A real, live string quartet playing the classics weekly in a city of 25,000 souls, and some of the best intelligence in the town trying to stop it!" There was similar opposition to Sunday concerts in New York two decades ago; now we have several every Sunday, and no minister has ever been able to report any harm resulting from them.

Louis Conterno, for nearly twenty-five years leader of the band of the Fourteenth Regiment, died December 22. He was the composer of several marches, including "The Owl," "American Valor," "Red Cloud," "Formation," and "The Coming Regiment."

Art

Worcester Porcelain: A description of the ware from the Wall period to the present day, illustrated by ninety-two collotypes and seventeen chromo-lithographs. By R. L. Hobson, B.A., author of the catalogues of, and guides to, the British pottery and porcelain in the British Museum. London: Bernard Quaritch.

This is far more than a sumptuous work for the library table; it is an invaluable monograph for collectors of one of the most interesting occidental porcelains. As a piece of plate making and printing it is a monument to the publisher's enterprise and good taste. The author says modestly that "it is chiefly on the illustrations that this book bases its claim to consideration," and these are, indeed, extraordinary. The resources of chromo-lithography have made it possible to portray in the actual colors and—a very different matter—to a considerable extent in the actual tone, a group of the finest procurable specimens of old Worcester, most of them from private collections. Viewed without reference to its reading matter, the volume makes a miniature museum of the porcelains produced in a single city from the beginning of the industry in 1751, down to to-day.

The accompanying letter press, however, is not perfunctory. Some chapters, indeed, might be criticised as being a little overweighted with citations from original documents and other details. But the narrative is very readable, as a whole, and it treats the history of an interesting artistic product as no Anglo-Saxon pottery has before been treated. To the earlier researches of R. A. Binns and J. E. Nightingale, and to the chemical investigations of Henry Eccles, the author, naturally, is indebted. His book, however, is not a mere compilation, for it records numerous discoveries and surmises of his own. Mr. Hobson properly emphasizes eighteenth-century Worcester. The products of the factory in the early part of the succeeding century underwent the deterioration which marked all the arts and which reached its worst degradation in the mid-Victorian period. The first porcelains sent out from Worcester had a Georgian elegance and fineness of proportions, and a certain trigness of technical finish, that were all their own. The glaze of that period, as Mr. Hobson observes, was always soft and glossy, and yet without the "fatness" that is common to most of the soft paste porcelains. It never "crazed," or split up into a network of fine cracks, a circumstance that probably gave it that fitness for general use to which the factory owed its survival.

The enthusiasm of John Wall, M.D., Oxford graduate, successful practitioner at Worcester, and painter of such talent that he might be called an amateur Gainsborough, originally led several of his wealthy fellow citizens who were anxious to bring a new manufactory to the city to decide in favor of porcelain making. One argument was that the introduction of high class artists and artisans would increase the Whig voting strength. Otherwise Worcester had no such natural claim to become a potting centre as had the Staffordshire towns. It is generally asserted that almost none of the materials for ceramics was at close hand. The river Severn, however, offered inexpensive transportation of the required clays, and Mr. Hobson's researches have definitely established the fact that the use as an ingredient of soapy rock from further down the river was not, as often stated, a later development, but that it began with the first firings. The introduction of this material was probably due to Dr. Wall himself, who may have learned it as a trade secret from somebody connected with an ill-fated porcelain enterprise at Bristol, regarding which some information has been unearthed.

From this beginning the Worcester soft paste porcelain industry soon became as well established and as characteristic an institution as the annual music meeting which has also survived to this time. It was, in fact, before the west county notables assembled for musical edification that the first public exhibition of the porcelain was made, on September 20, 1752. "What would the modern collector not give," asks Mr. Hobson, "for a true and faithful report of that exhibition, accurately describing the novelties offered and retailing the verdicts of the local connoisseurs?" Such a record, he cannot reproduce, though he exhibits a number of pieces known to belong to the first years of the factory, including at least one bowl which is believed to have been decorated by Dr. Wall himself.

The subsequent story of the factory at Worcester belongs to the history of the fictile arts in Great Britain. The works were sold in 1772. Dr. Wall died four years later. George the Third visited the shops in 1788, and showed his royal approval in a practical way. For a time, a competing enterprise was conducted in the same city, which the older industry eventually absorbed. Since 1862, a joint stock company has controlled the factory.

In covering the technical and artistic questions raised by a study of the output of an enterprise which has been obliged to be self-supporting, since the government has never subsidized it, Mr. Hobson shows his customary good judgment. He is not insular in matters of opinion. He is without illusions as to the artistic excellence of the ware when it is compared with the best porcelains of other countries. He knows what an exotic British porcelain is. The derivation of the Worcester patterns of various periods from Meissen, from Sèvres, from the Far East, is traced ingeniously and patiently, for Mr. Hobson finds that "the tracking of the Worcester designs and pursuing them to their ultimate source is a fascinating task for the collector who is something more than a dilettante. It is, besides, a sure way of enlarging one's horizon and of gaining that wider knowledge of porcelain in general without which the collector specialist is but a one-eyed creature." He likes best the Rococo period, "the brightest phase in the history of European porcelain. Careless, gay, and extravagant, it reflected perfectly the irresponsible spirit of the age of Boucher and Fragonard—an age of gallants and coquettes, of pretty costumes and picturesque poses." His work, however, of tracing the connections between Worcester and the other pottery centres in the decades after the reaction had taken place in "favor of the more sober pseudo-classic forms which were but ill-suited to the brightly glazed material," is equally thorough and painstaking.

Much attention is paid to the cribbing of Oriental patterns by the earlier Worcester artists, and their methods are interestingly compared with those followed since the more recent revival of the Japanese taste in European decorative art, beginning about 1868. "The Worcester decorators," Mr. Hobson writes, "adopted it with enthusiasm, but this third edition of Japanese patterns differed entirely from its predecessors. It was no longer a close imitation of the Japanese porcelain ornament which engaged their attention, but rather the utilization of designs of every kind, whether on ivory, metal, lacquer, or pottery." In comparing the present-day Worcester ware with that of the Wall period, Mr. Hobson, though conceding the remarkable manipulative skill of some of the artists now employed, maintains that "the modern porcelain is cold-

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er and harder, and the general effect of the finished ware is less harmonious."

"A Painter's Progress" (Scribner), by Will H. Low, takes up the life artistic as experienced by the writer. Upon this leading thread are strung many ensamples from ancient and modern art, and there are sixteen illustrations. The six chapters were so many lectures delivered before the Art Institute of Chicago on the Scammon foundation. It is easy to see why they pleased. Mr. Low takes up certain vital problems of the artist with entire informality and with the warrant of one who knows. It is amusing to read that when for want of funds he was about to leave Paris, Carolus Durand could not be dissuaded from addressing his pupil's "municipality" for a subsidy. Needless to say, the petition never reached the city fathers of Albany. Mr. Low recalls that precisely such a subsidy given on the recommendation of a humble teacher by a poor village made possible the brilliant career of Paul Baudry. Perhaps the most interesting chapter is that on the education of the artist. Mr. Low believes in beginning with sculpture, and makes the novel suggestion of using modern sculpture for drawing classes, saving the antique as a reward for the proficient. On the more general issue he writes:

> The study and production of the artist's profession, especially as understood in Europe, constitutes in itself a liberal education, and he is a dullard indeed who arrives at a respectable proficiency in art without having gleaned by the way a fairly good education.

We should be inclined to amend this statement by saying that life and society afford the artist more readily than they do most men an equivalent for formal schooling. The professional training of an artist no more implies culture than that of a dentist does. Mr. Low's account of his long service of the Leah of illustration is very interesting. It was in the end illustration, the drawings for Keats's "Lamia," that emancipated him. His advice to young artists is to hold their ideals intact, bide their time, and meanwhile do any work required for self-support. Here it is better to do something quite apart from your more personal ambitions. Our best hope for the future Mr. Low sees in the growing desire for civic art. He tells of a grimy miner who, standing before one of his own mural panels at Wilkes-Barre, remarked, "Well, I suppose that picture makes me a bit poorer, for it's paid for by the people of this county, but somehow I'm glad it's there." The present writer is glad that Mr. Low stood before artistic Chicago in confessional mood.

From Munich comes the report of the death of Ludwig von Löfftz, at the age of sixty-four. He was a pupil of Diez, and professor at the Munich Academy of Art.

The antiquary, Albert Hartshorne, has died at Worthing in his seventy-second year. He wrote on monumental effigies and other kindred subjects, among his books being "The Recumbent Monumental Effigies in Northamptonshire," "Old English Glasses," and "The Sword Belts of the Middle Ages."

The death is announced, in his fifty-sixth year, of Pierre Lagarde, the artistic director of the Paris Opéra. He had exhibited many times at the Salon.

Jean Robie, a member of the Belgium Academy, has died at the age of eighty-nine. He obtained a medal at the Paris Salon in 1851.

Finance

AT THE END OF THE YEAR.

The closing week of the year is traditionally a period for retrospect and introspection; for "taking of stock" in the largest sense of the term; sometimes for regrets concerning the past and good resolutions concerning the future; always for cool and deliberate survey of the events which have marked the twelvemonth past. In a year so crowded as 1910 has been with surprises, anomalies, perplexities, and disappointments, it is natural that the reckoning should be cast with more than the usual care, and of this we shall undoubtedly see abundant evidence in the financial outgivings of the next few days.

Whether the last week of such a year is a period when Wall Street's forecast of the financial future can be trusted for its prophetic insight is perhaps a different question. In the closing week of 1905, prices advanced with seeming enthusiasm, in the face of very severe stringency in the money market, which, as the sequel proved, was a far more correct barometer of the coming year's disturbed conditions than was the Stock Exchange.

The closing week of 1902 was similarly marked by a vigorous rise on the Stock Exchange; but call money went at 9 per cent., time loans pressed close at the maximum legal rate, and the New York banks reported loans $10,000,000 in excess of net deposits, whereas even at the close of the feverishly active financial year 1901, deposits had shown a $43,000,000 excess. It was the money market again whose prophecy turned out correct; the year 1903 was a period of heavy liquidation, forced by the bank position. On the other hand, no one in Wall Street can have forgotten the atmosphere of financial gloom and pessimism which prevailed in the closing days of 1903 and 1907. In each of those two instances the mood of Wall Street, as we can judge it nowadays, reflected what had happened, not what was about to happen. For 1904 and 1908 were years of surprisingly substantial recovery.

The last week of 1909 is not so far away as to make it possible to forget the singular incorrectness with which the Wall Street community looked forward to the immediate future. Talk on the Stock Exchange had to do with the coming "January rise" and the resumption, after the easing-off of the money strain, of the boom in stocks which had been carried through the autumn. How promptly, how completely, and with what disconcerting effect on financial plans and expectations, the violent financial reaction of 1910 began with the first month of the year, is now a part of history.

What was the matter? This question has been asked often enough in the course of 1910; it will be reëxamined by many thoughtful people, during the next few days. Most serious men who reflect upon it will arrive at three conclusions: First, the panic of 1907, here and abroad, was an economic event which meant more than our great financiers were willing to admit. Second, the excessively rapid recovery of 1908, with its "Sunshine movement" and its resumption of widespread speculation for the rise in every market, meant very much less than was asserted at the time Third, the great law of supply and demand has continued in operation upon every market and with all its usual consequences—among them, the consequence that the increasing of supply when demand is already insufficient, and the making good, through use of extended credit, of deficiencies in real demand, are sure eventually to cause reaction more violent because of its artificial postponement.

But all this is no new discovery. Precisely the same things were said, immediately after the panics of 1857 and 1873 and 1893, about the unreality and needlessness of those panics. Precisely the same early and premature attempt to resume the previous booming was witnessed in 1859 and in 1874 and in 1895. And precisely the same secondary reaction overtook all the markets before they had really begun to build on stable ground for the great achievements of the future.

But if this has been so regular a sequel to first-class financial panics, it will certainly be asked by some one, How did it happen that our great financial leaders and our conspicuous captains of industry were so completely deceived when exactly the same combination of circumstances arose again after 1907? The problem is really curious—perhaps it is more psychological than

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financial. Some people who have reflected on the matter might reply that our financiers are opportunists, and pursue the practice of making the most of the visible tendencies of the hour. Others might possibly suggest that if large financiers have great blocks of securities of their own which they are holding on borrowed money, and which they must sell to the investing public, they must strenuously combat the impression that anything in the general situation will encourage postponement of such investment buying.

Still others would probably account for the attitude of the leaders by their innate hopefulness, by their knowledge of the unpopularity of pessimism, even when warranted by the facts, and by their somewhat habitual belief that booming things artificially is the preliminary to a genuine boom. Mr. Harriman's exploits in the markets of 1908 were applauded, even by Europe, on the ground that they had averted the natural consequences of 1907. But after all, considered in longer retrospect, did they avert such consequences? Perhaps the comment of to-day would be, that employment of concentrated credit may make the financial stream run up-hill for a season, but will always find it more or less difficult to keep it at the top.

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Bardeen, C. W. A Little Fifer's War Diary. Syracuse: The Author.

Bennett C, E. Syntax of Early Latin. Vol. I, The Verb. Boston: Allyn & Bacon.

Bjerknes, V., and others. Dynamic Meteorology and Hydrography. Washington: Carnegie Institution.

Bosworth, Mrs. F. The Monteiths. Knickerbocker Press.

Bruce, C. The Broad Stone of Empire. 2 vols. Macmillan. $9 net.

Carver, W. O. Missions and Modern Thought. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Clark, A. H. The Clipper Ship Era. Putnam. $2 net.

Constitutional Year Book for 1910. London: National Union of Conservative and Constitutional Associations.

Cunningham, A. British Credit in the Last Napoleonic War. (Girton College Studies, No. 2.) Putnam.

Goldman, E. Anarchism and Other Essays. Mother Earth Pub. Assn. $1 net.

Kinglake's Eothen. Introduction by D. G. Hogarth and notes by V. H. Collins. Frowde. 60 cents.

Lawson, Lady. Highways and Homes of Japan. Stokes.

Leonard, J. W. History of the City of New York, 1609-1909. Journal of Commerce and Commercial Bulletin.

Macaulay's Essays on Clive and Hastings. Edited, with introduction, etc., by C. R. Gaston. Boston: Ginn. 35 cents.

Meredith, Junior. The Heiress of Cranham Hall. Broadway Publishing Co.

Parker, H. Village Folk-Tales of Ceylon, collected and translated. Vol. I. London: Luzac.

Pennington, A. S. The Argentine Republic. Stokes.

Scott's The Fortunes of Nigel; The Abbott. Frowde.

Shakespeare's Midsummer-Night's Dream. Introduction and notes by H. N. Hudson. Boston: Ginn. 35 cents.

Stebbing, W. Five Centuries of English Verse. (Previously published under title of "The Poets: Chaucer to Tennyson.") 2 vols. Frowde.

Stevens, G. T. An Illustrated Guide to the Flowering Plants of the Middle Atlantic and New England States. Dodd, Mead. $2.50 net.

Tortugas. Papers from the Tortugas Laboratory of the Carnegie Institution of Washington. Vol. IV.

Turner, J. K. Barbarous Mexico. Chicago; Kerr. $1.50.

Wegefarth, W. D. Smiles and Sighs. (Poems.) Chicago: Carrie Jacobs-Bond & Son.

Wenley, R. M. Kant and His Philosophical Revolution. Scribner. $1.25.

Xenophon's Anabasis, Books I-IV. Edited by M. W. Mather and J. W. Hewitt. American Book Co. $1.50.

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